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LOVE'S AFTER-MATH.

It was late summer, and the grass again
Had grown knee-deep; we stood, my wife
and I,

Awhile in silence where the stream runs by;
Sadly we listened to a plaintive strain
Sung by a fair maid to a happy swain;—

Ah, me! dead days remembered made us
sigh,

And brought the tear-drop to my wife's blue
eye.

"If spring be past," I said, "shall love re-
main?"

She moved aside—yet soon she answered
me;

And her gaze turned responsive to mine
own:

"Spring-days are gone, and yet the grass we
see

Unto a goodly crop again hath grown;
Dear love, just so love's after-math may be
A nobler growth than e'er spring-days have
known."

Tinsley's Magazine.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK."

Will it pain me there forever,
Will it leave me happy never,
This weary, weary gnawing of the old dull
pain?

Will the sweet yet bitter yearning,
That at my heart is burning,
Throb on and on forever and forever be in
vain?

O weary, weary longing!
O sad, sweet memories thronging
From the sunset-lighted woodlands of the dear
and holy past!
Oh hope and faith undying!
Shall I never cease from sighing?
Must my lot among the shadows forevermore
be cast?

Shall I never see the glory
That the Christ-knight of old story
Sir Galahad, my hero, saw folded round his
sleep?

The full, completed beauty
With which God gilds dull duty
For hearts that burn toward heaven from the
everlasting deep—

From that conflict ceasing never,
From the toil increasing ever?
From the hard and bitter battle with the cold
and callous world?

Will the sky grow never clearer?
Will the hills draw never nearer
Where the golden city glitters in its rainbow
mists imppearled?

Ah me, that golden city!
Can God then have no pity?
I have sought it with such yearning for so
many bitter years!
And yet, the hills' blue glimmer,
And the portal's golden shimmer
Fade ever with the evening and the distance
never nears!

O weary, weary living!
O foemen unforgiving!
O enemies that meet me in the earth and in
the air!

O flesh that clogs my yearning!
O weakness aye returning!
Will ye never cease to trouble? Will ye never,
never spare?

Will my soul grow never purer?
Will my hope be never surer?
Will the mist-wreaths and the cliff-gates from
my path be never rolled?
Shall I never, never gain it,
That last ecstatic minute,
When the journey's guerdon waits me behind
those hills of gold?

Alas! the clouds grow darker,
And the hills loom ever starker,
Across the leaden mist-screen of the heavens
dull and gray.
Thou must learn to bear thy burden,
Thou must wait to win thy guerdon,
Until the daybreak cometh and the shadows
flee away!

St. Paul's.

HOPELESSNESS.

LONE wandering with the woe within me
hushed,
No whit the less my sorrow stings and
smarts,
For the keen feeling, the keen sense, is crushed
Into my heart of hearts.

My sky of life is all with clouds o'erdrawn,
And night draws round me now that day is
gone—
A night no wakening, dusk-dispelling dawn
Will ever rise upon.

Hope's luminous fingers I no longer see,
Pointing me where to go with guidance
kind,
Doomed evermore to roam despairingly,
And aimless as the wind.

Alas for me, poor me, whose scalding tears,
Wept inwardly, burn to my bosom's core!
Whom life can reach with aught that life en-
dears
No more, ah, never more!

Chambers' Journal.

From The Edinburgh Review.

ENGLISH FUGITIVE SONGS AND LYRICS.*

IN poetry and creative art the ancient world left little or no room in which the modern could demonstrate its superiority. Science has multiplied the appliances for the diffusion of knowledge, and invention has achieved many and extraordinary triumphs, but the individual mind has not shown itself capable of higher flights of imagination than those of the old poets. In these later centuries we have seen but one poet capable of sustaining the mantle of Homer. And the superiority of the ancients is equally undoubted when we consider those slighter efforts in verse which are confessedly of a somewhat ephemeral character, and meant principally to embody only the feelings of the age in which they are written. Horace was the best writer of light lyrical verse whom the world has seen. while, at the same time, he was something much greater and higher. But regarding him in this passing reference mainly as a poet of society, what higher compliment can we pay to a poet of our own time than to say that he is truly Horatian in spirit, or writes with the Horatian pen? But Horace himself was not the father of this fugitive poetry. The Roman poet acknowledges that Anacreon was its originator; but whether that be so or no, the Anthology is full of excellent examples of it, and the earliest known specimens now in existence were left by the Greeks.

Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas; spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commisi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Great proficiency was attained in all

* 1. *London Lyrics*. By FREDERICK LOCKER. New Edition. London: 1874.

2. *The Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montrose*. Edited by J. HANNAH, D.C.L. London: 1870.

3. *The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed*. With a Memoir by the Rev. DERWENT COLERIDGE. London: 1864.

4. *The Greek Anthology*. By Lord NEAVES. Edinburgh: 1874.

5. *Lyra Elegantiarum*. A Collection of some of the best Specimens of *Poës de Société* in the English Language. Edited by F. LOCKER. London: 1864.

6. *Two Centuries of Song*. With Critical and Biographical Notes by WALTER THORNBURY. London: 1866.

forms of song, the amatory, the didactic, the literary and artistic, the witty and satirical, and others. The poems themselves have occupied the leisure of men of eminence in the modern world, and were "favourite objects of study with Erasmus and his friend Sir Thomas More." Chesterfield, it is true, denounced the Greek epigrams in his letters to his son, but against his solitary testimony — which in this matter is of no particular weight — is to be set that of Cowper, Johnson, and many other men of equally opposite temperaments, to whom they were a solace and a delight. Lord Neaves (himself no mean proficient in the art of gay and galliard rhymes) observes, in his very graceful little volume, that "from the time of Martial the epigram came to be characterized generally by that peculiar point or sting, which we now look for in a French or English epigram, and the want of this in the old Greek compositions doubtless led some minds to think them tame and tasteless. The true or the best form of the early Greek epigram does not aim at wit or seek to produce surprise. Its purpose is to set forth in the shortest, simplest and plainest language, but yet with perfect purity and even elegance of diction, some fact or feeling of such interest as would prompt the real or supposed speaker to record it in the form of an epigram: though it is true that, particularly in the later period of epigrammatic writing, these compositions, even among the Greeks, assumed a greater variety of aspect, and were employed as the vehicle of satire or ridicule, as a means of producing hilarity and mirth." It would be tedious to trace the gradual developments and changes in this kind of verse from the days of the first Greek writers to the time of Horace. The latter, however, seems to have conserved many of its best elements, and to have added others which gave him so distinctive a place that, even more than his predecessors in the art, he has become a type for modern poets. His imitators for the most part serve but to denote the painful difference there is between the founder of a style and he who attempts to copy it. Our purpose is

not to institute a comparison between the Roman poet's work and that of his successors, but to glance at the songs of those English writers, who, taking him to a great extent as their model, have written the verse of passing moods and emotions, and have not attempted that higher branch of poetry which secures the loftiest renown from posterity.

What do we mean by *vers de société* if, with Mr. Locker, we must use a French phrase to denote a thing as old as the English language? They are the expression of common sentiment and common feeling in graceful but familiar rhyme. Poetry of this kind excites in us no wonder, no unwonted excitement; but it pleases us because, apparently without effort, it has translated into verse the ordinary sensations of humanity, those which change with the hour, which are again and again renewed, and which are the property of almost every nature. For instance, when a writer of *vers de société* gives us his impressions of female beauty, they are usually drawn from those points of view which belong to common æsthetics, and not from that hidden deeper spring of beauty which has in it something of the spiritual, and which requires the soul of the true poet rightly to apprehend. The arch smile, the dress, the peach-like bloom of the cheek — these are the things which arrest the eye of the poet of society just as they are the things which strike the vast majority of men.

He who writes of the world must mingle with the world. The most successful and the most brilliant of the school of authors to which we are referring have been those who have lived largely in society; who have studied its movements, its caprices, and its spirit. They have generally been men of ease and observation, and yet men of no settled purpose as regards the expression of their thoughts. They have not so much sought the muse as left the muse to come to them; when she has given them an *à propos* inspiration they have written. The pen has served as a medium to turn a compliment, to secure a fleeting idea, or to enshrine a random reflection. Such an end may seem trivial,

but the result in the bulk of these verses has been most abundant. What a glance at contemporary history we obtain from the time of Raleigh down to our own day through the aid of our minor English poetry! It is as trustworthy as a book of costume, with the addition of a living human interest.

Writers of fugitive verses hang, as it were, upon the skirts of the greater poets of their own time, and all that they do takes a tinge from them. Accordingly, we find that the minor verse of the Elizabethan period possesses a nobler expression and a greater sweetness than that of the nineteenth century, from the fact that it was an echo of that sublime period in English literature. The satellites of Shakespeare, Spenser, and Jonson were likely to emit a stronger radiance than those of Wordsworth, Byron, or Tennyson. The grace of the first writers of this humbler poesy has never been surpassed. With every century there has been a corresponding change between the two kinds of verse, though the age must also be counted as a factor in the production of such general result.

The writing of this poetry, simple as it appears, requires special gifts. In the first place, terseness is an especial requisite. To be verbose in verse which, as it were, flies with the wind, is to fail in the first principle of the art. The best writer of society verse is always happiest when he is concentrated. Light verse written in cantos — unless it took the form of a humorous or satirical narrative like "Don Juan" — would fatigue the reader. It is not the highest kind of genius which devotes itself to this work, and the verbosity which we could tolerate, if we could not always enjoy, in the greater writer becomes insufferable in the lesser. The man who writes *vers de société* must have as decided a gift in his own form of expression and conception as the artist who takes a higher rank. To quote the words of Isaac D'Israeli: — "It must not be supposed that because these productions are concise they have, therefore, the more facility; we must not consider the genius of a poet diminutive because his pieces are so, nor must we

call them, as a sonnet has been called, a difficult trifle. A circle may be very small, yet it may be as mathematically beautiful and perfect as a larger one. To such compositions we may apply the observation of an ancient critic, that though a little thing gives perfection, yet perfection is not a little thing. The poet to succeed in these hazardous pieces must be alike polished by an intercourse with the world as with the studies of taste, to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature. Genius will not always be sufficient to impart that grace of amenity which seems peculiar to those who are accustomed to elegant society. . . . These productions are more the effusions of taste than genius, and it is not sufficient that the poet is inspired by the Muse, he must also suffer his concise pages to be polished by the hand of the Graces."

Steele, who himself regarded Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace as the completest models in this range of verse, was the author of a charming paper in his "Guardian," which really exhausts the subject. "These little things," he says, "do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge; but then they demand great regularity and the utmost nicety; an exact purity of style, with the most easy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design. Greater works cannot well be without some inequalities and oversights, and they are in them pardonable: but a song loses all its lustre if it be not polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss, and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing strokes which would be superfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the strength and boldness of a masterly hand give all the grace." This description of what a song should be is extremely felicitous, and covers the ground which we are desirous to include within the scope of the present article. Steele considers the

ancient writers whom he names great in the art because they pursue a single thought, whereas the moderns cram too much into one song. Waller occasionally commits this error, while Cowley is defective through a redundancy of wit. The reader is dazzled by the starting of so many trains of thought, whereas a song should be constructed as we would construct an epigram.

The limitation to which we have committed ourselves will forbid an examination of the claims of those who on the Continent first cultivated the art of light versification. But even were the scope widened it would be practically impossible to touch upon the French and Italian writers from the time of the Troubadours and of Ronsard downwards who have attained great proficiency in spontaneous and courtly verse. The two countries named were more prolific in a single age perhaps, than England has been in the course of three centuries in the production of these writers. But besides their excellency in the construction of songs and lyrics, the Italians perfected another style which finds an admirable exponent in Boiardo, the author of the "Orlando Innamorato," and in Berni, who is remembered principally for his *rifacimento* of that celebrated work. This style is full of episode and description, and although the element of lightness may be often discovered in it, it is scarcely germane to our subject. Boiardo's style was first imitated in this country within the present century by Hookham Frere in "Whistcraft," and afterwards by Byron in "Beppo," and "Don Juan." But comic epic, or mock heroic poetry, notwithstanding that it possesses the one feature of familiarity common also to lighter verse, is removed from the true subject of this inquiry. In the one we have many trains of ideas started; in the other we have the bending of the energies to the complete grasping and setting forth of one leading thought. So in familiar poetry: "Don Juan" presents us with a series of pictures, but real fugitive verse expends itself in the perfection of one. The power of improvisation, which was so remarkable a feature

of the Italian poetic genius generally, and of the French at certain spasmodic periods, has been almost wholly absent in England. We have no parallel to the court of King René, which swarmed with singers of no mean order and musicians of a sweet and delicate if not powerful melody. We are a heavy and practical, in distinction from a light and sunny race; and our accomplishments in fugitive verse cannot for grace and elegance be ranged in comparison with those of France and Italy. Such as we are, we are, however; and we shall doubtless discover that in other important respects our writers have the superiority over Continental poets.

Arriving now at a consideration of some of the riches of the English literature as regards this attractive class of poetry, let us first devote a brief space to those writers who flourished before the time of Waller. Much of the best verse issued from the versifiers of the sixteenth century and the earlier portion of the seventeenth. In the lyrics of that period we are struck with the especial beauty and sweetness of many whose authorship is unknown. It speaks well for the popular taste, notwithstanding, that though the authors have long since crumbled into dust, their work has been preserved and handed down from generation to generation.

Most of these old poems touch upon the passion of love, and in none has the thought been better conveyed than in Ben Jonson's address to Celia, which, familiar as it is, can never be read without delight:—

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

A lightness and an intensity are combined here so perfectly as to make the gem complete. The language is of the simplest, is free and unrestrained, and the idea exceedingly pretty. Now and then in these earlier days we light upon verses in which the feeling of melancholy predominates, as in those soft and somewhat sad lines by Carew, which would seem to have been penned after a rebuff sustained at the hands of the cruel fair one:—

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,—
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

It would be a task to scrutinize at length the varied lyrical treasures of the Elizabethan era, as we have received them from the pens of Wither, Sir Henry Wotton, Donne, Cowley, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Robert Ayton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others. Raleigh was a master in the art of verse, though his superiority in other respects has somewhat detracted from his fame in this. Everybody, however, remembers his reply to Marlowe's song of the "Passionate Shepherd to his Love," beginning—

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Beyond all dispute, the best of the early lyric poets is Robert Herrick, whose verses are flushed with a joyous and tender spirit. He may be styled the Burns of his time, and imbued with something of the reckless soul of our own countryman. Herrick was born in Cheapside in the year 1591, and educated at Cambridge. In 1629 he became vicar of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. The time of the Civil War, however, found him living at Westminster, where he resided also during the Commonwealth. After the Restoration he came into his vicarage again, but by this time he was an old man, and none the better for his devotion to the convivial company to be found in the London taverns, where he was ever one of the gayest of the gay. He died in 1633, having left behind him some of the sweetest word-music that we possess. Nothing could be more delightful than these verses on the daffodils:—

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run,
But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a spring;
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you, or any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain;
 Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

Besides the grace that is inseparable from all Herrick's compositions, we have here that sympathy with nature which made good his claim to the title of poet. Flowers, music, woman, all these had their intense and several charms for him, and strangely enough for a middle-aged clergyman he was clearly an amorous and erotic poet. There is a tinge of sensuousness about all that he does, which sometimes exceeds the limits of a later age. But all his poems to Julia are singular for their beauty. Take the "Night-Piece" addressed to her:—

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
 The shooting stars attend thee,
 And the elves also,
 Whose little eyes glow
 Like the sparks of fire befriending thee.

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
 But on, on thy way,
 Not making a stay,
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber?
 The stars of the night,
 Will lend thee their light
 Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me,
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

The age in which Herrick lived, and in which he wrote such verses as these, was distinguished for its poetic excellence, and its indulgence in fancy and conceit. Another writer to whom slight reference has been made, George Wither, was of the same school as Herrick, and almost his equal in tenderness and delicacy of treatment. Sir John Suckling was also a great master in the art, though he is frequently robbed of his true honours. His "Ballad upon a Wedding" is one of the most naturally-expressed poems in the language. How these stanzas make us realize the charming being whom he describes!—

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
 Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light;
 But O! she dances such a way!
 No sun upon an Easter-day
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks, so rare a white was on,
 No daisy makes comparison;
 Who sees them is undone;
 For streaks of red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
 Compared to that was next her chin,
 Some bee had stung it newly;
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the sun in July.

We have now glanced sufficiently at this early poetry to apprehend its character by the aid of the examples given. Its great feature is its naturalness. All its similes and its reflections are drawn from outward objects. The *Jose* breath of cities does not seem to have tainted the souls of the poets, who revel in flowers, and woods, and meads, which are the springs of laughter, joy, and pathos to them.

We now advance a stage, arriving at the minor poets of the Restoration. While not missing a great portion of the sweetness which belonged to their earlier brethren, we find that their prevailing characteristic is sentiment, sometimes degenerating into exaggeration. The age of Charles II. being famous for its gallantry, the courtly poets fill their pages with an extravagant homage to the women of the day. Now and then the adulatory amatory poetry of Lovelace, Montrose, Rochester, and their *confrères* affects the reader as being what the Americans would describe "high salutin'," and the point of a compliment is often made absurd by its prodigious unsuitability and extravagance; but in the verse of this period there still remains the genuine ring of song. The cavalier hangs his heart upon his sleeve, and talks loudly enough about it, it is true. He is more than Cupid's follower; he is the little god's very humble slave. There is a certain lightness of touch in Lovelace's ballads that we rarely meet with elsewhere, and his lines written to Althea from prison are "familiar in our mouths as household words." He reaches a loftier strain when he serenely asserts in immortal lines that though immured between stone walls he is nevertheless free. Sed-

ley, justly famous for his songs, and as justly infamous for his dissolute character, is the author of the charming lyric, "Phillis is my only Joy." Buckingham was a man of a lower order of talent than these, and yet — through the adventitious aid derived from his position at Court — his pieces spread far and wide, though nobody cares for them now. There is no power in them, though there is sometimes a facile execution. Dryden, it will be remembered, described Buckingham in the character of Zimri as one who

In the course of one revolving moon
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.

He wrote the fashionable verses of his time from an overweening conceit which would not suffer him to be behind his contemporaries, and never stayed to ask himself whether he possessed the necessary gifts. The Earl of Rochester had a more genuine vein; but one cannot avoid the impression that most of the singers of his time had simply a parrot-like title to fame. Sackville, Earl of Dorset, was stronger than any of those just named, and his stirring ballad, "To all you Ladies now on Land," written the night before an engagement with the Dutch, is as widely known as any of Dibdin's songs. In the navy debates of the House of Commons even in the present year some of its admirable lines were quoted. The effeminacy which so strongly marked the poetry of the time is completely eliminated from this ballad, which possesses both a fine swing and epigrammatic force.

Edmund Waller, however, has left behind him a name more durable in connection with this class of poetry than any other man of his century. It is to be hoped he was more constant in his friendships than he was in his politics. Having twanged the lyre, and beautifully too, in praise of Cromwell, he afterwards poured forth congratulatory strains for Charles II. There was no element of greatness in his composition; possessing as much sweetness as Milton, he yet was a perfect contrast to him in all other respects. Compared with the grand old blind poet, he was a rose beside an oak. There was fragrance, but no stability, and he rapidly fell to pieces. Yet even from the dried leaves of the rose, which have been preserved, we can extract pleasant odours. His imagination was not of a striking order, and his verse is more distinguished for its finish than for any other quality; indeed in this respect he has scarcely

had an equal since. His "Go, lovely Rose," which we have already had occasion to mention, and "Lines on a Girdle," are the best specimens we possess of his writing, but these are matchless in their way. Had he owned a larger and more sincere nature we might have had in him a great poet.

We can hardly assign a place amongst these canary-birds to the satanic muse of Swift. He was a bird of prey in comparison with them, and threw too much of passion and hatred into the most playful of his verses to be ranked with such singers. But what force and command of language, of metre, and of rhyme! what a mastery of all he touched! We prefer for our present purpose to take him in his gentlest mood, and to transcribe a few lines to Stella, which might have been written by a man who had not betrayed another woman.

Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turned to grey?
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For Nature, always in the right,
To your decay adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I'm ashamed to use a glass;
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight!

One other name amongst the earlier minor poets must arrest our attention before we come to those of the nineteenth century. In alluding to Matthew Prior, we cannot do better than quote Cowper's words upon our whole subject. "Every man conversant with verse-making knows, and knows by painful experience, that the familiar style is of all styles the most difficult to succeed in. To make verse speak the language of prose without being prosaic, to marshal the words of it in such an order as they might naturally take in falling from the lips of an extemporary speaker, yet without meanness, harmoniously, elegantly, and without seeming to displace a syllable for the sake of the rhyme, is one of the most arduous tasks a poet can undertake. He that could accomplish this task was

Prior. Many have imitated his excellence in this particular, but the best copies have fallen short of the original." This is a generous tribute, coming as it does from one who was himself no mean adept in the same art. Cowper, though he has much sense and humour, is no match for Prior in this unpretending kind of poetry. The French are more exquisite than ourselves in drawing-room verses, and there is a decided smack of their quality in Prior. It has been remarked of him that he "drank Burgundy in its own vineyard." But he was a sad, rollicking dog, this author of "Solomon," and exactly after his patron, the Earl of Dorset's, own heart. Prior rose from the humblest rank of life to occupy a position of some importance in the state. He was born at Abbot Street, in Dorsetshire, but early removed with his father to London, who kept a tavern called the "Rummer Inn," at Charing Cross, and it was here in the garb of a waiter that Lord Dorset one day discovered the future poet reading Horace. Acting the part of a generous patron, Dorset sent the youth to St. John's, Cambridge, of which college he afterwards became a Fellow. After leaving the university, Prior, in conjunction with Montagu, wrote "The Town and Country Mouse," which opened a path for him to the diplomatic service. Promotion was only a question of time, and accordingly we find that during his somewhat chequered existence he filled the offices of Secretary at the Hague, and at the Court of Versailles, and Commissioner of Trade. His life was a singular mixture of noble feeling and dissoluteness. Fickle in the extreme, and an easy prey to the wiles of the other sex, he was frequently reduced to the very depths of degradation and poverty. As a writer his longer poems have not many claims to a lasting remembrance; but his shorter pieces justly deserve all the fame they have acquired. They come barely short of perfection; Prior strives hard after obtaining a classic grace and just misses it. As a specimen of the finished character of his verses we cite one of his short odes:—

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrowed name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blushed: Euphelia frowned;
I sang, and gazed; I played and trembled;
And Venus to the Loves around
Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

And thus the poet spent his time between his Chloes and Euphalias, constant to none, but writing charmingly of each. All his poetry has a devil-may-care air about it; it gives the impression that it was written by a man who found himself in a world where there was much that ministers to pleasure, and who meant to suck its sweets to the uttermost. The complete absence of consciousness that life had in it something nobler than animal pleasure deprived his poetry of the high tone which should give a flavour even to light and unpretentious verse. Whenever Bacchus and Venus are the poet's gods we may look for enervation in his intellectual offspring. That taint of scepticism in his nature of which an eminent French critic writes—and which he declares was transferred to Voltaire, and was not of the latter's own originating—is apparent in Prior's lines to his soul:

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?

Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lie all neglected, all forgot;
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know'st not what.

Occasionally he had a satirical touch which was very pointed if not great. If he could not stab with the rapier he could prick with the needle. He describes in one of his effusions a remedy that is worse than the disease:—

I sent for Ratcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over;
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

Mat Prior was held in high esteem by the most competent of his contemporaries, with whom he lived on excellent terms. But the judgment upon him must be that he faithfully represented in himself the follies of his time. His verse is

flexible, sparkling, and flowing; at times, but very seldom, it merits higher praise; yet there was no one in his own day who wrote such verse so well. His views of woman, society, life, and pleasure were those almost of the lowest stratum, though his power over his art was so great that he could frequently counterfeit sentiments of a higher order.

As we approach our own times, Winthrop Mackworth Praed may be said to enjoy the distinction of having hit upon a new vein of poetry, and of having been himself its happiest explorer. Without possessing the highest gifts of the poet, his smoothness and elegance have earned for him a reputation. It is not a little singular that his great ambition should have been to distinguish himself in a very different field from that with which his name is principally associated. We remember him as a subordinate member of Sir Robert Peel's first administration, and as an effective speaker in the House of Commons. His career was cut short by his death from consumption, at a moment when he was beginning to put forth broader and more sympathetic views than those which animated the great bulk of the conservative party. His spirit was keen and eager, and the great incentive to all he did was the desire to excel. This passion mastered his whole being; and the momentary earnestness he threw into every successive undertaking was probably instrumental in undermining his constitution. Praed takes us into another atmosphere altogether from that in which Swift and Prior moved. Even satire had become good-natured and love decorous. We discover no single line which could not be read aloud in the most fastidious circle. Praed has the sweetness of a summer's night, and his wit represents the twinkling of the stars. Yet, in the midst of all his gaiety, in some of his poems a tinge of melancholy seems to indicate a premature weariness of life:—

I think that very few have sighed
When Fate at last has found them,
Though bitter foes were by their side,
And barren moss around them;
I think that some have died of drought,
And some have died of drinking;
I think that nought is worth a thought—
And I'm a fool for thinking!

But, again, he resumes in a more sprightly and hopeful tone:—

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,

Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many faggots;
I think, while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to Heaven.

The satire of Praed always conveys the impression that it is veiled. The poet is so vivacious, and so longs for all men to be blithe, that he strikes rather with the back of his sword than with its edge. There is the flash of the blade in air, but something arrests its descent—some sudden second impulse in the spirit of him who wields it. From a very early period in life Praed gave himself up to the writing of light and amusing verse, and the magazine he edited at Eton contained much that was choice and sparkling. Macaulay had already shown that these amusements were not unworthy of a man of genius, and his Valentine to Lady Mary Stanhope, written after his return from India, is a capital illustration of the style of verse written by literary men in leisure hours. The stately verse of the Whig historian, as we find it the "Lays of Ancient Rome," is far in advance of any serious poetry written by Praed; but, on the other hand, the latter excelled his distinguished collaborator in the poetry of the drawing-room. His work is all executed with a care and minuteness which are very admirable. He knew exactly the precise amount of seriousness to infuse into his lines, and we are never wearied with too much sermonizing. Could there be anything better of its kind than his portrait of "Quince," who stands out in bold relief, in pure flesh and blood, with his last words on bidding farewell to the world:—

My debts are paid—but Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection;
Tom! we shall meet again, and yet
I cannot leave you my direction!

And with what fluency and whimsicality of expression he describes his Vicar!—

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rock to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed from Mahomet to Moses:
Beginning with the laws that keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He did not think all mischief fair,
Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
Although he had a taste for smoking:

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage :
At his approach complaint grew mild,
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

This is not poetry to move the world ;
there is no vehemence of passion in it,
but it is true drawing in quiet lines, and
more powerful than the mere form of it
will suffer to appear. The emotional ele-
ment was not over-developed in the
author or he would sometimes have been
able to give to his sketches just that com-
plementary strength which would have
made several of them great. If he has
not the highest command over the pa-
thetic, however, in a certain flow of hu-
mour he is unapproachable. A spec-
imen of this is found in his reminiscences
of the old school-days at Eton, where he
describes the school and his school-
fellows. He could throw round attach-
ments of this kind an indescribable charm.
Another character entitled "The Belle of
the Ball-room," though not so clever and
clearly cut in every line, is more humor-
ous than "The Vicar." Even his love
verses took a semi-humorous form : —

Our love was like most other loves ;
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rose-bud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river :
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows — and then we parted.

We parted ; months and years rolled by ;
We met again four summers after :
Our parting was all sob and sigh ;
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter ;
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers ;
And she was not the ball-room's belle,
But only — Mrs. Something Rogers.

Although Praed's more pretentious
poems exhibit considerable taste and the
same wonderful facility for rhyming, they
are evidently not penned in his most
natural vein. Not equal to the music of
higher poets they pale still further, and
are somewhat dull and heavy reading,
when compared with stanzas such as
those we have been quoting, and which
have in them the sparkle and the fizz of

champagne. His serious work has a
reminiscence of the same flavour, but the
spirit has fled. We are dealing with him
only as a writer of fugitive verse, for he
is one of the men who will be remem-
bered longer for the trifles in which he
succeeded than for greater undertakings
in which he failed. Racy, graphic, witty,
and brilliant, he was just such a poet as
the society in which he moved demanded ;
and as he had a decided scintillation of
genius, he was able to endow his fancies
with more permanence than it is usual
for such verse to attain.

But Praed must not blind us to the
merits of other writers contemporary
with him who are in danger of passing
from recollection. Peacock, the novel-
ist, author of "Headlong Hall" and
many other remarkable works, had a de-
cided gift in verse, though he seldom
made use of it. His poem of "Love and
Age" is amongst the best of its kind,
and may well entitle him to mention here.
Now and then his contempt for precon-
ceived notions, and the bitterness of his
soul, oozed out, as when he wrote upon
the rich and poor : —

The poor man's sins are glaring ;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act —
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him ;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society ;
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight,
And a stench in the nose of piety.

Yet Peacock's nature was too caustic for
a writer of light verse. A much better
man in this respect was Luttrell, whose
social talents were of a high order. He
had not the genius of a Praed, but at
times nevertheless showed much happi-
ness in expression. One could scarcely
imagine, for instance, a better or more
perfect epigram than this on the distin-
guished singer, Miss Tree : —

On this Tree, if a nightingale settles and
sings,
The Tree will return her as good as she
brings.

Luttrell wrote a lengthy poem styled
"Advice to Julia," which contains many
witty descriptions of life in the upper

classes of society, and a most amusing description of London fog and smoke. His "Amphill Park" shows that he possessed no mean powers of poetical description. Of various things which he wrote may be mentioned his verses to Lady Granville, his epigram on Moore's verses being translated into Persian and sung in the streets of Ispahan, and the lines still inscribed in Rogers's arbour at Holland House. On this same arbour it will be remembered Lord Holland penned the pretty conceit —

Here Rogers sat, and here forever dwell,
To me, those "Pleasures" that he sang so
well.

One of Luttrell's efforts was a *tour de force* in rhyming on "Burnham Beeches." Some of the stanzas run as follows: —

What though my tributary lines
Be less like Pope's than Creech's,
The theme, if not the poet, shines,
So bright are Burnham beeches.

O'er many a dell and upland walk,
Their sylvan beauty reaches;
Of Birnam wood let Scotland talk,
While we've our Burnham beeches.

If sermons be in stones, I'll bet
Our vicar, when he preaches,
He'd find it easier far to get
A hint from Burnham beeches.

Here bards have mused, here lovers true
Have dealt in softest speeches,
While suns declined, and, parting, threw
Their gold o'er Burnham beeches.

O ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest, making breaches
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham beeches.

Hold! though I'd fain be jingling on,
My power no further reaches —
Again that rhyme? enough — I've done:
Farewell to Burnham beeches.

It would be idle to recapitulate what Moore has accomplished in the way of light lyrical verse, seeing that his songs are almost as widely known as the language itself. Other poets must be passed over who do not depend upon the lighter achievements for their fame — as Pope, Cowper, Mrs. Browning, Lord Byron, Campbell, Coleridge, Hood, Sheridan, and Rogers. Two names, nevertheless, warrant a slight pause — those of Thackeray and Walter Savage Landor. The former has bequeathed to us two or three pieces of light verse, exquisite of their kind. One is "The Cane-bottomed

Chair," whose simple description and pathos must have touched all who have read it. Easy, natural, and flowing, it is as good as anything that Præd ever wrote, and has glimpses of endowments which he did not possess. With all his wonderful finish there was not the same width in Præd as in Thackeray; and had he not achieved one of the highest reputations as a novelist, the latter would have gained no inconsiderable place as a singer of every-day life. Imagination was absent in him; but humour, satire, playfulness, tenderness, were abundant. "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" might serve as a model of most of these qualities. Its writer shows here, as in other poems, the wonderful attachment he felt for old things, old places, and old faces. His riper genius loved to dwell on characters which were simple-hearted, and through the medium of his verse he talks to us in a pleasanter vein than in his novels. His "Peg of Limavaddy" has been a thousand times spoken of for its light dancing music, in which it is unapproachable except by Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon;" and it has the manifest advantage over the latter in that it possesses a human interest, whilst Prout's lines are simply musical — almost nonsensical — and nothing more. But of all Thackeray's lyrics commend us to the one "At the Church Gate," for simplicity, beauty, and sweetness: —

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover!
And near the Sacred Gate
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

My lady comes at last,
Timid, and stepping fast,
And hastening hither
With modest eyes downcast:
She comes — she's here — she's past —
May Heav'n go with her.

Kneel undisturb'd, fair Saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly:
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through Heaven's gate
Angels within it.

In a somewhat similar vein of refined feeling with a genuine classical grace Walter Savage Landor wrote : —

The maid I love ne'er thought of me
Amid the scenes of gaiety ;
But when her heart or mine sank low,
Ah, then it was no longer so.

From the slant palm she raised her head,
And kissed the cheek whence youth had fled.
Angels ! some future day for this,
Give her as sweet and pure a kiss.

There is something glowing, soft, and Oriental about Landor's genius. He stands alone in his gifts as clearly as any poet. Some of his minor works are worthy of a place in the Greek anthology.

Lord Houghton is another poet who has translated into graceful verse the impressions gained from society ; but he possesses a stronger and a fresher air than belongs to the poets of society generally. Music and thought are what he gives us rather than point and dashing description. In his quiet strains we come sometimes upon reflections of considerable depth, and the shadow of the literary devotee always falls athwart his pages. We like his utter freedom from artificiality ; his range of poetic powers is not of the highest order, but there is scarcely a poet who could be named who has done so uniformly well in all themes selected for treatment. Those who attach no merit to dealing with ordinary and every-day subjects, might attempt to detract from Lord Houghton's praise by affirming that he too often recurs to such topics ; but it ought to be recognized fully by this time that it requires no ordinary gift to treat of homely things in a successful manner. And he has the especial merit of looking beneath the surface of things and touching the springs of life and thought which are in his heart.

A sense of an earnest will,
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill
If you have no power of giving :
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless.

Every one is acquainted with the song "I wandered by the brookside," which is a happy specimen of the minor lyric ; but many others could be cited of equal value, including the pretty pastoral verses commencing "When long upon the scales of Fate."

Amongst the best living writers of this kind of verse must indisputably be placed Mr. Frederick Locker ; and for this reason it will be well to give his work a somewhat closer inspection. There are two distinct sides to his talent, both of which find adequate representation in his "London Lyrics." In a note appended to these lyrics, which is one of the smartest pieces of writing in the volume, the author has given a faithful summary of the requirements of that branch of the poetic art to which he is devoted. He says — and his words will help to find the clue for understanding his own claims upon us — "Light lyrical verse should be short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The tone should not be pitched high, and it should be idiomatic, the rhythm crisp and sparkling, the rhyme frequent and never forced, while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness ; for however trivial the subject matter may be, indeed rather in proportion to its triviality, subordination to the rules of composition, and perfection of execution should be strictly enforced. Each piece cannot be expected to exhibit all these characteristics, but the qualities of brevity and buoyancy are essential." But he concludes these remarks by a confession that his volume may contain a few pieces which "ought to have been consigned to the dust-bin of immediate oblivion." That is possible ; we cannot commend all alike. The writer of these trifles is in constant danger of falling into triviality or childishness. But if he amuses us we are not disposed to put butterflies on the rack, or to ask of him more than he aspires to give. Mr. Locker is not quite so elegant, perhaps, as his forerunner Præd ; he is more sprightly and humorous. Liveliness, and what we should call the humour of surprise, are two of his distinguishing features. These qualities shine in the verses entitled "Episode in the Story of a Muff." The reader is kept on the tiptoe of expectation till the very last line and the revulsion of feeling then experienced is due to a very unexpected stroke of drollery.

She's jealous ! Am I sorry ? No !
I like to see my Mabel so,
Carina mia !

Poor Puss ! That now and then she draws
Conclusions, not without a cause,
Is my idea.

We love; and I'm prepared to prove
That jealousy is kin to love
In constant women.
My jealous Pussy cut up rough
The day before I bought her muff
With sable trimming.

These tearful darlings think to quell us
By being so divinely jealous;
But I know better.
Hillo! Who's that? A damsel! come,
I'll follow; no, I can't, for some
One else has met her.

What fun! He looks a lad of grace!
She holds her muff to hide her face;
They kiss, — the sly Puss!
Hillo! Her muff — it's trimmed with sable!
It's like the muff I gave to Mabel! . . .
Good lord, she's MY Puss!

A similar surprise, though not of so humorous a nature, follows the reading of "The Old Cradle," which is amongst the lyrics that have deservedly become general favourites. Mr. Locker sees the emptiness of life, and pursues like every poet the unattainable ideal, and yet is able to extract a modicum of enjoyment in the pursuit. The knowledge that things "are not (exactly) what they seem" is not to be suffered to make him miserable. It cannot, for instance, stop his song —

If life an empty bubble be,
How sad for those who cannot see
The rainbow in the bubble!

Whatever may be the case with society in the nineteenth century, or a large portion of it, at any rate there is no *blasé* air in Mr. Locker's verses. To read them makes one cheerful, and causes us to lose the sensation of selfishness and isolation which the individual course of life is apt to create. To write with ease and simplicity strains which shall touch the peasant and the peer is no small achievement, and when the poet attains to that he needs no other *raison d'être*. Some writers have not that airy quicksilver spirit which catches momentary impressions of grace and beauty; they are too cold and too severe, and hence their works are not adapted to any mood or any person. The true writer of occasional verse has the advantage of his stronger intellectual brother in this respect. He never comes amiss; his music is ever welcome and refreshing. We do not require him to fill us with awe, to dilate on the grandeur of nature, and to discuss the great problems of life and mind. We ask him to speak to us as a brother, to laugh with us as in the family circle, and, if need be, to mourn with

us as a friend. But this poet of society does not always sing with the cap and bells on. Now and then, though very seldom, he must draw from the fount of tears. He will do it tenderly, but it must be done, for life is not made up entirely of either the grave or the gay. He knows that every man has his "skeleton in the cupboard," and there is nothing to be gained in blinking the fact. Having, therefore, an unpleasant subject to encounter, but also a most pressing one, this is how he must deal with it: —

We hug this phantom we detest,
We rarely let it cross our portals:
It is a most exacting guest —
Now, are we not afflicted mortals?

Your neighbour Gay, that jovial wight,
As Dives rich, and brave as Hector —
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

Ah me, the World! How fast it spins!
The beldames dance, the caldron bubbles;
They shriek, and stir it for our sins,
And we must drain it for our troubles.

We toil, we groan; the cry for love
Mounts upwards from the seething city,
And yet I know we have above
A Father, infinite in pity.

And thus our poet, in his quiet and unobtrusive manner, becomes a moral teacher. The verses we have just quoted are from Mr. Locker's serious poems, and may serve to correct a very prevalent but erroneous notion respecting his poetry. He has acquired so conspicuous a position as a writer of *vers de société* that people are in the habit of speaking of him as though he never wrote anything else. True, if the scope of this class of verse be vastly widened, and in the manner we have indicated, all he has written would come under the definition. But if the narrow, restricted meaning be taken, then there is a side of Mr. Locker's work which has been completely misapprehended. He manifests a vein of much richer quality than is ever witnessed in mere fugitive verse. Thus in "The Widow's Mite" there is a vein of genuine pathos: —

A widow — she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small
A loving child, he was her all —
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite — ay, so sustain'd,
She battled onward, nor complain'd

Though friends were fewer :
And while she toil'd for daily fare
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then, — and now I see
That, though resign'd and cheerful, she
Has sorrow'd much :
She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith ; and carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

One other copy of verses we must
quote from Mr. Locker before quitting
this portion of his writings. "The un-
realized Ideal" seems to us not only to
be full of a sweet naturalness, but to
catch the very echo of regret. It is not
unworthy of Schiller or of Heine : —

My only love is always near, —
In country or in town
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She foots it ever fair and young,
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung,
And hangs below her waist.

She ran before me in the meads ;
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on ; but while she leads
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more ;
That wooing voice ! Ah me, it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguil'd the chase, —
I follow, follow still ; but I
Shall never see her face.

There is not much visible sign of deteri-
oration in the public taste when these
and similar true and melodious strains
remain popular. In other respects Mr.
Locker has one of the best gifts which
the writer of this class of verse ought to
possess, viz. spontaneity. We do not
remember any of his pieces which it was
in the least tedious to read. It does not
follow, however, that verses which have
apparently so spontaneous an air have
been written with ease ; on the contrary,
they are often produced with the great-
est care, and very seldom given forth to
the world till they have undergone a long
process of elaboration and finish. The
most exquisite lyrics of the Poet Lau-
reate, those which from their sweet flow
and naturalness seem to have been most
readily composed, are really the produc-
tions of intense and constant effort.

In a more sprightly vein Mr. Locker
sings : —

The world's a sorry wench, akin
To all that's frail and frightful :
The world's as ugly, ay, as Sin —
And almost as delightful !
The world's a merry world (*pro tem.*)
And some are gay, and therefore
It pleases them, but some condemn
The world they do not care for.

The world's an ugly world. Offend
Good people, how they wrangle !
The manners that they never mend,
The characters they mangle !
They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod
And go to church on Sunday ;
And many are afraid of God —
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

Mr. Locker's talent is in harmony with
the spirit of the time. He lives so in the
age and belongs so much to what is best
in its society that he may fairly be re-
membered and quoted hereafter as a rep-
resentative of it. His earnestness and
sincerity are very marked characteristics,
and the genuineness of his song will
provide against its extinction. His
fancy is chaste and selective, his wit
delicate, his style polished and graceful,
and it is possible that some of his light
fabrics may outlive more stately and
solid edifices.

A word remains to be said of other
living writers of this class, but there is
little that merits a lengthened detention.
Just as a passing reference must suffice
for second-rate writers in generations
which have recently expired — Haynes
Bayly, the Hon. W. R. Spencer, Maginn,
and others — so must a few sentences
suffice for their successors. Yet, as we
pass them by, we must reserve a place
for the touching songs of Mrs. Ark-
wright, whose exquisite voice still vi-
brates in our ears, whilst some couplets
of her composition linger in our memory.
The following lines of hers may be new
to many readers : —

I used to love the Winter cold,
And when my daily task was done
To roll the snowy ball, and hold
My crystal daggers in the sun.
How beautiful, how bright !
How soon they melt away,
Till drop by drop they vanish quite —
Ah ! welladay !

And then the Spring, the smiling Spring,
The flowers, the fruit, the murmuring rill !
To chase the shadows o'er the hill
And dance within the fairy ring.

Ye flowers so bright and gay
Within the garden wall,
Ye'll meet again all smiling, all —
Ah! welladay!

Untill'd the Summer's heat to bear,
Beneath the flow'ry load to bend,
The mimic banquet to prepare,
And share it with some joyous friend!
How soon the day is done —
The longest summer day!
'Tis morn — 'tis noon — 'tis set of sun —
Ah! welladay!

The most promising of the younger writers of minor verse is Mr. Austin Dobson, whose "Vignettes in Rhyme" betoken considerable poetic fancy, though his wit is far inferior to that of Mr. Locker. The following lines, which are a fair example of Mr. Dobson's style, are taken from his poem suggested by a chapter in Mr. Theodore Martin's "Horace": —

"HORATIUS FLACCUS, B.C. 8,"
There's not a doubt about the date, —
You're dead and buried:
As you remarked, the seasons roll;
And 'cross the Styx full many a soul
Has Charon ferried,
Since, mourned of men and Muses nine,
They laid you on the Esquiline.

Ours is so far-advanced an age!
Sensation tales, a classic stage,
Commodious villas!
We boast high art, an Albert Hall,
Australian meat, and men who call
Their sires gorillas!
We have a thousand things, you see,
Not dreamt in your philosophy.

Science proceeds, and man stands still;
Our "world" to-day's as good or ill,
As cultured (nearly),
As yours was, Horace! You alone,
Unmatched, unmet, we have not known.

The author of the "Carols of Cockayne" is deserving of mention for his humour and observation; but the writer of "The Bab Ballads" scarcely comes under our category; his effusions partake too much of the character of broad farce. Mr. Calverley, again, whose parodies are very close and very clever, belongs to that school whose best exponents were James and Horace Smith, the incomparable authors of "Rejected Addresses." Mr. Mortimer Collins is a much nearer approach to what we require,

but he has by no means done such good work as was expected of him. Lord Lytton's "Fables in Song" deserve to occupy a higher rank in poetry than such lyrics as form the subject of this article. They are full of thought — sometimes overburdened with it; but they have a graceful facility of versification which entitles their author to rank with the most cultivated poets of the day.

The question may be asked, of what use is this Horatian poetry; but we apprehend it will be its own justification in the eyes of most lovers of the poetic art. The brooklet is not so imposing as the mighty river to which it is tributary, but its music may be as sweet and true. Men cannot always be climbing the magnificent passes of the Alps, but in the absence of sublime scenery does not the trimly cut and ordered garden present many points of attraction? Thus, all singers have their proper seasons and uses. The minor poets unquestionably flourish best in seasons of national prosperity, not in those of stirring events. They are satisfied with what the world has to offer them, though in the best of them there is a strain of genuine regret, testifying that this is not sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the soul. In all the excellent writers of Venusian verse whom we have named may be perceived the shade of melancholy, which lends an additional charm to their gaiety. With the deeper questions of the heart they very rarely intermeddle. If they can touch the springs of laughter and emotion in others they receive their reward. These poets, however, have yet something to learn: England has its Shakespeare but not its Horace. To write Horatian verse successfully requires all the earnestness and devotion which the greater poet exhibits in another field. But even these trifles are not without their use and their charm, for they may be accepted by posterity as a faithful commentary upon contemporaneous events, life, and manners. Who knows but that through their aid in some distant era the stranger in our deserted gates may obtain some glimpses of our nineteenth-century civilization; just as we now, with Horace or Martial for our friend and guide, may walk through the streets and converse with the denizens of ancient Rome?

From The New Quarterly Review.
IN THE RUE FROIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER I.

AN OLD MISER.

THE town of Vire is specially hilly; but there is near the river a steep flight of broken, moss-grown stone steps. Mounting these you find yourself on a raised walk level with the roofs and chimney-stacks of this part of the town, till turning sharply to the right, you come down a steep descent, which ends some way below in the Place aux Fontaines.

This descent is a narrow, roughly-paved street, with ancient houses on either side. Some of these houses are of grey stone, with carved pinnacles above their projecting dormer windows; others are half-timbered, and the green-grey oaken gables seem inclined to topple down into the street below. The massive carved beams are supported by grotesque brackets, sometimes partly hidden by a veil of nasturtium leaves, stretching down from lattice window-sills above. The quaintest-looking of these houses has flowers on the sills of all three stories—gleaming scarlet geraniums in the gable, nasturtiums and moneywort below, and, level with the street, a starry campanula hanging from the ceiling and filling the centre of the open window with its wreaths of blue blossoms.

The mistress of this array stands looking fixedly at her flowers from the opposite side of the street—a short, stout, ugly dame, with a dark-blue skirt, a red neckerchief crossed over her ample chest and secured by the waistband of her lilac apron, and a tall conical muslin cap with wings behind each ear, a white bow in front, and a sugar-loaf shaped, pale-blue lining. Suddenly she turns and looks through the open shop-front of her neighbour, into a dingy square room, so full of litter, so dirty and overcrowded that a bonfire in the midst would seem to be the only means of purification. Rusty bronzes, battered brasses, broken china, and *faïence*; tokens from the East, in ivory, feathers, and lac; terra-cotta and plaster figures, fragments of old tapestry and carved oak, cracked and dingy pictures, hideous gilt frames, bottles, pots, and urns. There is no use in enumerating the mongrel contents of the shop of Monsieur Fauve—it is a museum of ghastly relics of the beautiful.

The morning sun never visits it; but
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this afternoon one slanting beam has found its way through an opening in the opposite houses, and strikes boldly across the street and through the dusty atmosphere, gilding the notes in its way till it rests on Monsieur Fauve's high narrow forehead. His forehead is so yellow, and the skin fits the skull so closely, that it looks as much like a bit of Eastern carving as the brow of a human being. The rest of Nicholas Fauve's face is bloodless, his lips are pale, the only colour is in his small narrow eyes, like glittering slashes of black velvet in the parchment skin; his wig has once been black, but long wear has changed it to a reddish brown; all expression is concentrated in his eyes, the rest of his countenance is immovable, even when his utterance is sarcastic.

"I say again, madame,"—his voice is harsh as an owl's,— "that there are plenty of fools ready to spend on superfluities; the wise profit by these and keep their money. Why should Françoise waste her time over flowers, when she can see yours better than you can see them yourself?"

Madame Duclair throws back her large head in disdain.

"Well, no one can call you a hypocrite, my friend; but I should be ashamed to enjoy my neighbour's goods and not offer a return. Conceive, then, the pleasure which the sight of a rose or a fuchsia would give me, instead of all this dinginess from morning till night."

She points to the house-front and the cobwebbed broken lattice in the gable on the top story.

M. Fauve shoots one of his bright, restless glances at her, and goes on fixing a rivet in a cracked plate of Nevers *faïence*.

"My neighbour, did I ask you to spend your time and your money on those flowers? They give me no pleasure. To me this bit of earthenware has more beauty than all the flaming scarlets and yellows of your window-sills."

"Yes; yes. I know that." To herself she says, "Because you are a mummy and not a man;" then aloud, "But you do not live alone, and Françoise is young and has little amusement, and, if I were you, I should make her home amusing; but that is not my affair, and I have no daughter or son to study; only one cannot walk through this world with shut eyes, Monsieur Fauve; good-day!"

The first trace of feeling he has shown, a faint flush, comes like a streak into the

parchment cheeks; but he does not look off his work — he does not even question Madame Duclair. He knows that she is incapable of keeping news to herself.

Madame Duclair retreats into her house, and Monsieur Fauve looks up at a clock in a tall carved wooden case.

"Françoise should be in," he says. "She wastes her time."

He goes on with his work. Life is very silent in the dusty den — only the ticking of the clock and the scramble of the mice behind the wainscot disturb the silence. It is, therefore, easy to hear Madame Duclair's footsteps when she comes out, with a huge red pitcher in her hand.

"Can I do anything for you?" she calls to him, as she passes. "I am going down to the fountain to fill my pitcher."

He raises his head from his work, and gives her a keen, quick look.

"Well, you may meet Françoise; tell her not to loiter."

"Ah! pardon, neighbour; but that is just what I cannot do;" she speaks very significantly.

Monsieur Fauve's firm mouth does not even twitch; but he keeps his restless eyes fixed keenly on Madame Duclair's broad mocking face.

"Very well. Why, then, offer service?"

"Because I am ready to do what I can for you or any other neighbour between this and the great fountain; but Françoise is not likely to be there — she is better employed."

"Ah! You have, then, seen her?"

"Yes. Why not? She is not hiding. She will tell you herself that she has been sitting in the park with Berthe and Nicole Bertin, and — their — brother — Louis."

She draws the last four words separately, trying to revenge herself on his indifference, and she succeeds.

He starts, flushes, and his eyebrows settle into an ugly frown.

"Are you sure of what you are saying, madame?" There was a sort of freezing courtesy about Nicholas which kept his neighbours in check; all, except Madame Duclair, and although he never cut jokes with her, or called her *La Mère Duclair*, she would not be kept at a distance; she persisted in treating him as she treated others.

"*Dame!*" she said, "he *is* made of flesh and blood after all, though he looks like a pagan idol."

"What will you, my neighbour?" she

said; "if you give a girl like Françoise no amusement at home, why, she is likely to find it abroad. I warned you of this, when you took charge of her. If the good God had thought you fit to bring up children, He would have given you some of your own; but you must needs know best. You adopt your brother's orphan, and you think that food and clothing are all a young girl wants."

She stopped abruptly, surprised at her own boldness. She rarely came off victorious in these word-contests with her neighbour.

"Well, madame," he said, slowly and sarcastically, "it is true — my married life was brief — yours has lasted three times as long, and yet you are also childless; it is possible that you, therefore, are not qualified as an adviser between father and daughter."

Madame Duclair's face got crimson. She swung the arm that held the pitcher and walked rapidly down the street.

"Sneering old curmudgeon!" she muttered; "insolent miser that he is, I wish my tongue had been slit before I told tales of the poor child; and yet I did it for the best, she ought to marry a richer man than Louis Bertin."

CHAPTER II.

FRANÇOISE.

THE Park, as the Virois called the grassed rock in the centre of the town, is planted with rows of tall trees, and has in the midst of these the ruined donjon of the ancient Castle. The rock on which it is built stretches out a bold precipitous promontory two hundred feet above the valley of the Vire. Sitting under the shade of the trees you can trace the course of the river among the lofty hills until the farthest point melts into misty distance.

Two fair-haired, frank-looking, blue-eyed girls were sitting on one of the benches trying to persuade a dark-eyed, timid companion to stay beside them. A youth of twenty-three stood near silently watching the discussion.

"Bah, bah, bah!" the eldest of the fair-haired sisters kept firm hold of her friend's slender arm while she spoke, "why not stay a little longer; see how lovely the valley looks, and it may rain to-morrow, who knows. Louis, why art thou so dumb? ask Françoise to stop."

The youth smiled.

"If she will not stay for thee and for Berthe, I see no use in asking."

A flush passed over the dark girl's face.

"Your brother is right, Nicole; he thinks I ought to go home; but oh" — she gave Louis a reproachful look — "you, who have such a bright, happy home, cannot think how dull mine is."

She drooped her eyes, and tried to gather up the swelling tears with her eyelashes.

Louis looked red and uncomfortable.

"What barbarians men are," said Berthe! She put her hands on François's shoulders and stood on tiptoe to kiss the sweet blushing face — "all men;" here she shot a saucy glance at her brother; "but more especially Monsieur Fauve, of the Rue Froide."

"Oh, hush, do not say so," François said, eagerly; "I am wrong and ungrateful; my uncle is good to me. Adieu, my friends, I must run away from you."

She nodded and smiled, and then darted off among the trees.

"Stay you here," Louis said to his sisters, "I will see her through the gate."

The sisters laughed merrily.

"*Bon,*" said Berthe, "the child Louis is not so bashful after all, *cela commence* —"

"Hush," Nicole said gravely, "do not let him see that you notice; he does not know how much he likes François, and it is better that he should not know it — she is so poor."

Françoise left off running when the trees hid her, and Louis soon overtook her.

"François," he said, earnestly, "you misunderstood; I did not persuade you to stay because I thought you wished to go. Surely you believe I like to be with you."

Françoise felt herself blushing, she drooped her head and turned it away. In his anxiety for her answer Louis bent over her to hear it.

"François!"

At the harsh, grating voice, they both started and looked up full of sudden confusion, only the quick glitter of Monsieur Fauve's slit-like eyes betokened any unusual emotion in his feelings.

"I thought some accident had happened," he said, "so I put aside my work and came to look for thee."

Louis felt brave at once.

"The delay is the fault of my sisters, Monsieur, and it is my fault also. We do not see Mademoiselle François often, and we persuaded her to stay against her will."

Monsieur Fauve raised his hat as if he only now perceived the young man.

"Pardon, Monsieur Louis Bertin, I will not trouble you to explain. My daughter" — he emphasized the words, — "sees her friends when she pleases. Come."

He offered his arm to François, and the girl took it meekly, not venturing a look towards Louis.

Françoise and her uncle spoke little to one another, but as yet they had never quarrelled.

Some months ago he had said the Bertins were not good companions for François, and she had more than once refused to go home with them. They were her only friends, and she thought the restriction hard, and yet lately, since Louis had come back to Vire, after his two years' absence, these meetings were changed for François. On her part there was no longer the same frolicsome mirth. The presence of this grown-up brother checked the bright childish nonsense which she and Berthe had delighted in, and besides this check there was disappointment. Before he went to Paris, Louis had been the gayest of the four, always teasing his sisters, and taking François's part against them, but at their first meeting he had called her Mademoiselle till she laughed and made him a deep curtsy; and yet, spite of this restraint, François began to feel a new interest in these meetings in the park or in the wooded Vaux de Vire. She knew that each time it became harder to separate from her companions, and that the dull house in the Rue Froide grew more monotonous. She struggled against this feeling of dislike; she told herself she was ungrateful, and her burden of obligation to this uncle whom she tried so hard to love, grew heavier than she could bear.

Her father had died when François was a child, but she felt that there could never have been any likeness between him and his brother Nicholas; and this conviction strengthened when she remembered how her mother had always shrunk from any intercourse with him.

Françoise had early shown a talent for music, and her mother, an educated woman, had cultivated this gift, and in her last illness she bade the girl consider it as a means of future independence.

But François was then only thirteen, her uncle was her sole relative, and he came over to Bayeux to fetch her home.

Timidly and falteringly the girl looked

up in his harsh face and told him her mother's dying wish. "In a few years," she said, "I could earn my own living as a teacher; my mother has said so." The tears she had been struggling against streamed down her pale brown face, and the slender fingers twisted together in agonized sorrow.

"Bah, bah, bah!" Nicholas did not mean to be unkind to this "poor little linnet of a girl," as he called her; but he did not know what sympathy meant, and it seemed to him a great hardship and a princely act of benevolence to give a home to his orphan niece. "Bah," he repeated, "we will not speak ill of the dead, but your mother was wrong, and I do not wish you to earn your living; you can cook and sew for me, and that is better than jingling on an old pianoforte, which I find belongs to this house, and not to you, and which I cannot afford to buy, nor can I give you lessons. I am not rich, Françoise. I have done without luxuries all my life, and I cannot give them to you; but I can feed and clothe you: you need not earn your own living."

Françoise suffered so much during this speech that she never provoked another of the same kind. She shrank from her dependence as much as from Monsieur Fauve's unloving companionship, but this feeling quickened her diligence as a housekeeper; it seemed her only means of lightening her debt to her uncle.

"Do you know it is six o'clock, Françoise?"

The girl thought his voice had never sounded so harsh as it did this evening. She forgot the gratitude she had so lately expressed to the Bertins. He was only a miserly gaoler taking her back to prison. She drew her hand from his arm. "No, I did not know it," she said, "but what will you, my uncle? When young people meet they grow happy, and time passes quickly."

She looked up as she ended, and she saw that she had surprised him. It was the first time she had asserted herself, and the sight was reassuring. Perhaps if she stood firm now, he would withdraw his prohibition about the Bertins.

Monsieur Fauve kept silence till they reached the narrow entrance of the Rue Froide, then he said, gravely,

"There is a time for everything; but," he added, in his usual sarcastic voice, "young people should not let amusement make them selfish. If I had not come

to seek thee, Françoise, where had been the supper?"

Françoise blushed. "I beg pardon, my uncle;" she quite forgot her new courage in her confusion. "I have indeed been very careless;" and she hurried on and passed into the gloomy house before Monsieur Fauve's slow steps had reached it.

"Yes, yes," he said to himself, "so far so well. She is a docile little creature now; but a few more such meetings under the trees with that young spark, and all my plans will be upset. Françoise must be married, and the sooner the better, but not to a young fellow who would expect a portion with her — no — no. Meanwhile she must be kept in good temper. *Allons*, Neighbour Duclair, I am going to try if I cannot manage a young girl."

He stood a moment before he stepped over the dingy threshold, and shot a scoffing glance at the opposite house.

Madame Duclair's sharp voice rang out from the back-yard in angry discussion with Jeanne, her maid. Monsieur Fauve gave another mocking glance as the high words of the dispute reached him.

"*Tiens*," he said, "so far, at least, madame, I have managed my little affair peaceably."

CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR FAUVE'S LIBERALITY.

FRANÇOISE took great pains with the poor supper. It consisted of some watery soup with *croûtons* in the midst of it, a dish of *flageolets* floating in butter, a bit of mouldy cheese, and some little pears.

Monsieur Fauve complimented her on the soup, but looked dismayed when she put the *flageolets* on the table.

"Ah, *mon Dieu*! butter is too costly to use so freely; we must save what is left to fry fish in."

Françoise smiled. "Yes, my uncle," she was not as sad as she expected to be. She ate her supper with appetite. She had filled a huge glass bottle with water, for although every one in Vire said that the curiosity-dealer was a rich man, he never drank wine, rarely even cider, and she was pouring some water into her uncle's glass when he rose from his chair and disappeared into the shop. He came back with a quaintly-shaped bottle, which he carefully uncorked, and

then filled Françoise's glass and his own with cloudy-looking cider.

"Aha, my girl, thou art surprised; it is extravagant, but one cannot always drink water;" he smiled as much as he could, but his mouth was so stiff, that the attempt had a sneering character. "How old art thou, Françoise; is it eighteen or nineteen next birthday; and when is the birthday?"

"I was nineteen a month ago;" and Françoise looked sad at the recollection of her dull, disregarded birthday.

"Past is it? well then, little one, we will make amends by drinking to thy health to-day, and a good husband in the future. *Ah! c'est bon*," and he smacked his lips.

Françoise's surprise amounted to alarm. She could not remember that her uncle had ever before spoken to her in this familiar manner; and what could he mean by this mention of a husband? She gave him a quick little frightened glance.

Supper over, Monsieur Fauve changed his blouse for the threadbare coat which served for his out-door garment, and took down his well-worn black straw hat from its peg.

"Do not sit up for me," he said; "sitting up wastes candles and eyesight."

"Yes," said Françoise, and then when her uncle was fairly on his way down the street, she cleared away the remains of the supper and went up the old staircase that led out from the shop to the rooms above. In her own room and the door shut, she pulled a wax candle out of the drawer of a quaintly-carved oak armoire, and when she had fixed it in a curious twisted brass candlestick, she sat down to think.

"My uncle need not be afraid. I owe him too much to burn his candles against his will; but I may use my own if I choose; it is a comfort to have even a candle that is one's own."

Just before the return of Louis Bertin, Françoise had summoned courage to tell his sisters of her longing to earn her own living. Their father was a well-to-do wine-merchant, and to them earning seemed unnecessary, but Françoise's eagerness moved them, and at last they found a purchaser for the fine embroidery which she had been taught to do in her childhood; and the hope that even these small gains had shed into her life, had helped the girl more than she knew. She told her uncle, but he listened without reply, and next day he warned her that if he found this new fancy, as he

called her industry, interfered with her household duties, he should forbid it.

So the work went on slowly. To-night she rejoiced in her uncle's absence, as she was able to begin earlier. Monsieur Fauve's household furniture was all marketable, and the slender dark-eyed girl, bending over her cambric, looked very charming amid her antique surroundings. The candle-light fell full on her, and showed the delicate profile and long lashes, round smooth throat, and wavy brown hair gathered closely to her head. The background of the sweet face and figure was a piece of tapestry; Diana and her nymphs in the foreground, and the luckless huntsman pulled down by his dogs behind. Opposite were two low latticed windows, with deep recessed seats, and these were covered with a motley grouping of china vases, bronze candlesticks, small mirrors, and other curiosities.

There were three pairs of quaint dogs in the fireplace—the chimney-piece was a curious bit of oak-carving surmounted by an oil painting in a circular frame. There was a François-Premier bedstead, elaborately and delicately carved in oak, with brass sconces fixed at each corner of the richly sculptured head-piece. On the floor was a bit of old matting, and close behind the old-fashioned Louis-Treize chair in which Françoise sat was a plain deal table, a present which Louis Bertin had made her years ago—his first attempt at carpentering. Louis was studying architecture now, at Yvetôt.

"How nicely he said that to-day," Françoise sighed, "and how teasing it was to be interrupted; and yet"—a bright smile flitted over her expressive face—"I believe it was for the best, for I did not know how to answer." She sighed again, and went on with her work.

She went on thinking, "What did my uncle mean about a husband?" She blushed. "Who would think of marrying a beggar like me? and I would not take more from the uncle than he gives me, unless, indeed, he would love me." She sighed again, and went on with her work.

CHAPTER IV.

MONSIEUR GRINCON.

THE chief street in Vire is crossed by an archway, and above this is a clock-tower of quaint middle-aged architecture; but just before you reach the point where the street narrows to be spanned

by the low-browed archway, another straggling street opens on the right, and at the angle of this is a large shop where soft-tinted merinos and brighter-hued flannels are displayed side by side. There is no gaudy frippery to vary the range of solid pieces of woollen stuff. To-night these have all been stowed away in their receptacles behind the counters; the shutters are closed, and Monsieur Grinçon, the master, stands at his shop-door rejoicing in the day's receipts. Monsieur Grinçon is looking down on a long-tailed fluffy white kitten at play on the door-step, and he has a pleasant face. His nose is rather long; perhaps his chin is too much inclined to meet it, and his receding lips are so thin that they hardly show; but he smiles and looks on benevolently, while the kitten frisks round and round in search of her own fluffy tail.

"Mousse — Mousseline, *pauvre petite Mousseline*," he says in a high-pitched voice, as the little creature climbs up his leg; and then, at the sound of a footstep he looks up suddenly, and his whole aspect changes — it is pleasant no longer. His eyes, pale blue, of that watery tint which seems always ready to change, have such a look of greed that they make one shiver. Monsieur Grinçon is not spare and lean like his friend of the curiosity-shop, but he looks as hungry-eyed as the wolf in "Red Riding Hood," especially so at the sight of Monsieur Fauve.

"Ah! ah! *bon soir* then," he says, in his bright cheery voice — a voice which suits well with his face in its first aspect, but which is not in accord with those greedy pale eyes. "Will you come in and chat, my neighbour?"

"I thank you." Monsieur Fauve is at his grandest and stiffest. "If I do not inconvenience you I am at your service for half an hour." He bowed low, for Monsieur Grinçon was wealthy, and wealth in the eyes of Monsieur Fauve was, except jewels and rare *faïence*, the only thing worthy of reverence.

Monsieur Grinçon nodded, and led the way into a room at the back of the shop. It was quite dark, and he had to light a small lamp, which gave so feeble a light that its rays seemed to concentrate on the two men, sitting face to face, leaving all the remaining space in darkness.

"And how is Mademoiselle?" said Monsieur Grinçon, in his most smiling manner, and gently rubbing his hands.

"She is well, I thank you;" Monsieur Fauve paused, and then added, with un-

usual directness, "that is the subject, Monsieur, I want to talk of. Have you been thinking of the demand you made me a week ago?"

Monsieur Grinçon looked down, and carefully avoided the eyes of his companion.

"I admire your niece," he said; "she is of the pattern it would suit me to marry. Young, and fresh, and fair, and trained in your quiet household; but I have heard gossip, Monsieur Fauve, — gossip, and, if I marry, I want a wife all to myself, not one who may prefer a younger man than I am."

Monsieur Fauve's eyes glittered in the little circle of light till they looked fierce. His head bent forward, and all the rays of the lamp fastened themselves on its harsh outlines and furrowed yellowness.

"Gossip! Bah! I thought better of you than you deserve, I see, neighbour. I thought that a man of your sagacity would have disbelieved all that he only heard."

"Well, well! Yes. I generally do." Monsieur Grinçon's greedy eyes looked very eager; "but I myself saw, yesterday, your niece and the young man Bertin in the park."

"And the young man's sisters, also. Is it not so? Come, come, Grinçon; this is too much! I never offered my niece to you. You asked me for her, I said she would not suit you because I can give no marriage portion, and you snapped your fingers. Now, although I think you would make her a suitable husband, I have no wish to force her on you; but she certainly will not marry young Bertin, nor has she any wish to do so."

Grinçon grasped Monsieur Fauve's hand.

"My friend, you give me great relief. I wish to marry your niece, and I will give her a good home and all she can desire. Tell me, then, when may I present myself?"

Monsieur Fauve sat still, with his head on one side; the other devoured him with his hungry eyes.

"Pardon," he said presently, "but I am interested in that young Bertin, and I think you can help me to serve him;" his eyes glittered restlessly, and Monsieur Grinçon watched them.

"Willingly; — with the greatest pleasure. Tell me how."

"Well, then," Monsieur Fauve studiously avoided the light-blue eyes which never left his face, "you know that Bertin's father is a turnip-headed fellow, who

thinks only of eating and drinking, and lets his daughters be idle; he placed his son at Yvetôt to study architecture. *Bon!* the youth, it seems, did well down there; but now he comes back here and does nothing, and will do nothing, for in our good town of Vire we only build mills, and we do not require architects. In a town, like Rouen or Caen, the young man might distinguish himself and prosper. Do you follow me, neighbour?"

Grincon could scarcely wait till his friend finished. His hands rubbed each other rapidly—his eyes grew almost dark with excitement.

"Yes! yes! I see, I see, my dear friend! I have it. You are thinking that my cousin, the Mayor of Caen, may be able to help a young man on in that city. *Bon!* and just at this moment my cousin owes me 3000 francs, and I am pressing him for the money." Then, looking into Fauve's eyes, with every trace of expression banished from his own—

"Do you specially wish to appear as the benefactor of this young man?" he said, "or shall the proposal come to him from my cousin, the Mayor;" he dwelt lovingly on the word.

"I do not wish to appear in the matter," Monsieur Fauve said, coldly; "the only advice I give, is not to lose time, for, you understand, progress is important to young Bertin."

"Yes, yes, my friend. I understand and I thank you. But there is another matter, just as a matter of form, you know. I should like to have an assurance that Mademoiselle inherits all that you possess."

"She will inherit it, such as it is; but," the harsh voice was extra sarcastic, and there was a brighter gleam than usual in the dark slit-like eyes, "to so ardent a lover I do not apologize for her want of fortune. So young and fair a bride is wealth in herself. Is it not so?"

"Yes! yes! She is, indeed, a prize; but still, my dear friend, you will give me a written assurance. It is my habit never to rely on words only, and habit is second nature."

"You need not fear," smiled Fauve. "On your marriage-day you shall have a copy of my will." He rose. "I leave you now, in order that you may not lose time in writing to your cousin. When am I to present you to Françoise?"

Monsieur Grincon looked down with his most smiling expression.

"I am an old-fashioned man," he said,

"and I can never do two things at once. As soon as I have arranged for Monsieur Bertin, and he is fairly off to Caen, I will have the felicity to present myself in the Rue Froide."

"*C'est ça*—but one moment; do not at first be the too ardent lover with Françoise."

"*Bon, bon,*" and Monsieur Grincon conducted his friend to the door, and bade him good-night. Then, as he closed the door, and barred it with some vehemence, "Cunning old miser," he said, "does he think I will let him off without any marriage portion at all? No, no, the little girl is sweet and charming, but even sugar looks better gilded. Patience, when Bertin is out of the way I can make my own terms more easily."

Fauve walked home muttering to himself, "He means something by this delay. And yet it is best so; the marriage must be kept from Bertin till he is safely secured at Caen; but I am puzzled that Grincon consents to the delay. He has no time to lose, old fool! I know him; he is cunning, but he cannot hide his weak point from me. By the time he has seen Françoise twice, I shall wind him round my little finger. He shall spend on her exactly *what I choose*."

CHAPTER V.

A LOVER OF CURIOSITIES.

NEXT morning Monsieur Fauve told his niece that he wished an inventory made of all the china and *faience*, both in the shop and scattered through the house.

"Yes, my uncle," she said gently. She was glad of the opportunity of wiping out the neglect of yesterday; but she sickened at the task. She knew that in a dark cellar down-stairs there were piles of plates, and dishes, and vases, which looked as if the dust had lain on them for a century.

"There is only one way of getting quickly through the work," her uncle said carelessly, over his shoulder, "do not leave off till it is done. I will fetch all you want from market."

Françoise smiled. She thought she should certainly not be inclined to quit her work till she had completed it. But she had deceived herself. It lengthened out sadly. Six days had passed, and still she had not begun on the cobwebbed treasures underground. She was busy copying out fairly the rough list she had made of the contents of the shop, when

Nicholas called to her from his seat near the window —

"Françoise, that will do for the present. Thou hast worked well, thou canst rest. I have to go to Monsieur Fourgon's; wilt come? a walk will do thee good."

The girl was fevered and flushed by the constant strain upon her.

"I would rather stay and finish," she said.

Across the street came the clatter of Madame Duclair's footsteps. They paused beneath the window.

"*Bon soir*, my neighbour," she said to Monsieur Fauve. "What has then become of Françoise?"

The girl looked up wearily. "I am here; do you want me, Madame Duclair?"

"But yes — come here, little one. Why, thou art as pale and heavy-eyed as — *dame*, I believe what I said in jest is true."

The mocking tone vexed Françoise. "What did you say in jest? I heard my uncle tell you two days ago what I was doing."

"Aha," Madame Duclair laughed knowingly; "'twas a kind thought of thy uncle, to excuse thy moping. Well, thou wilt get over it, my rose."

Monsieur Fauve sat listening with a sneer. Françoise stood very erect beside the window. She was nervous and unstrung; ready to cry or be angry all at once. "What do you mean?" she said, blushing red, "'tis better to say it plainly."

Madame Duclair glanced at Nicholas, and the sneer on his face stung her out of all reticence.

"Very well," she said; "what I said was that if I were Françoise, I would not shut myself up and mope so that all Vire might say I was grieving for Louis Bertin. The young man has gone, we all know that, but he may come back again; and if he does not come back, there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

Françoise's thoughts were whirling in wild confusion; shame at being accused of a preference for Louis Bertin — and this shame doubled because her uncle had heard the charge — wounded pride that neither Louis nor his sisters should have told her of his departure; and rising every instant into stronger power over both these feelings — an agony of sorrow. Should she never, never see Louis again? How could she live without the hope of

seeing him? She looked up and read in the eyes watching the changes flit over her face, that they had been read correctly; and in her terror at the revelation, she longed to flee away and hide herself.

But her vigilant uncle saw the need of stopping the garrulous tongue of his opposite neighbour. As Françoise looked up, he said, "For shame, Madame, that is true gossip; a surmise without a foundation. Do you suppose it matters to Françoise how many young men leave Vire, or come into it? She has been too busy to think, or she might have wondered that the young man's sisters should go away without coming to say good-bye."

"Are they gone, Nicole and Berthe?" Françoise spoke quietly; she was grateful to her uncle for saving her from her neighbour's tongue, but she longed to give way to the tears which were almost choking her.

"Yes, they went to-day. Come, Françoise, I cannot wait longer for thee. We will go and inquire when thy friends are coming back."

"In a moment, my uncle." Françoise was glad to slip away, and when she came back she had so recovered herself that even Madame Duclair, watching from the window opposite, could not say that the girl looked moping or downcast. In those few minutes up-stairs Françoise had taken herself to task. What was she to Louis Bertin that he should think it necessary to say good-bye to her? She had done without him for two years, and since his return he rarely spoke to her; and yet her face must have betrayed the keen anguish that had laid such a strong grasp on her, for her uncle's eyes had told her so.

"No one else shall say it," she said; "it is a disgrace to pine for a friend who does not care for me."

But the conduct of his sisters cut her to the heart. She felt that she could not have left Vire without going to bid farewell to Nicole and Berthe.

Ever since the evening when he drank her health, her uncle had been strangely polite; and to-day as they walked side by side, he was even talkative; chiefly, it must be owned, in censuring Madame Duclair's extravagance and her husband's idle ways. He paused at last, as if he expected an answer.

"Which way are you going?" the girl asked, and she stopped almost opposite the shop of Monsieur Grignon.

Her uncle had not had a settled plan ; he only meant to meet the woollen-draper if possible, perhaps to call on him ; but he wished that his niece and Monsieur Grinçon should be seen walking together by the gossips of the Grande Rue.

A short, broad-shouldered man with red hair almost hiding his eyes, came out of the shop followed by the master.

"Good-day to you, Monsieur Grinçon," said the curiosity-dealer.

Monsieur Grinçon saw Françoise, and his face lit up with eagerness.

"Ah, good day, my friend ;" he sidled up to them. "Present me," he said, in a low voice, "and I will then present you to Monsieur there, whose acquaintance may be of special use to you."

"Françoise," said Monsieur Fauve, "this is my good friend, Monsieur Grinçon. I know thou hast a secret admiration of his windows ; behold, then, the owner of all this rich store."

Françoise smiled and blushed ; she never passed the shop without a longing glance at some of the goods exhibited. She knew the owner too, by sight ; and it was on some of these occasions that Monsieur Grinçon had been struck by her beauty.

"If Mademoiselle —" Grinçon's voice was faltering, spite of his eagerness to please the young girl — "will — will indicate any special fabric that pleases her," he flourished his hand towards the shop windows — "a dress of the same shall be sent at once to the Rue Froide."

Françoise stared for an instant, and then she laughed.

"Oh no, Monsieur ; but I thank you all the same. You are very kind," and then she blushed deeply at his admiring glance.

Fauve watched the scene and sneered.

"Young fool and old fool too. If she knew Grinçon as I know him, she would not refuse a gift. *Ma foi*, but he must be thoroughly besotted to make such an offer. Old idiot, he will frighten the girl with his hungry eyes. Who is yonder Monsieur," he asked, "to whom you wish to present me ?"

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, I had forgotten." Grinçon turned his gaze reluctantly from Françoise. "Monsieur Joseph Rozo — my friend, Monsieur Fauve, wishes to make your acquaintance. You ought to be able to do some business together as you have the same tastes."

The short, broad-shouldered stranger had been looking at Monsieur Fauve,

through his red hair ; he pushed his large white hand through it now, and swept it off his forehead. He had a somewhat handsome face, except that the forehead was low and narrow, and the mouth thick-lipped and sensual ; his jaw also was too massive for his height ; still, if you could have made him six inches taller, he would have been a fine man.

Monsieur Fauve bowed, and stood gazing at him as if he were fascinated by his appearance.

Monsieur Rozo smiled.

"Well, Monsieur, in what can I have the pleasure of being of use to you. *Ma foi*," he shrugged his shoulders, "I have a few things : a candlestick of veritable Henri-Deux ware, a few good stones and some Oriental bits — which you may not possess."

Monsieur Fauve's eyes glittered, but he answered, coldly, "I shall be pleased to see whatever Monsieur has to show — there can be no doubt that such goods are rare ; but then the imitations are so perfect that it requires much knowledge to detect the counterfeit. Is Monsieur of our trade, or does he collect for amusement only ?"

"Simply for pleasure ; I have not much knowledge, but I have travelled in the East, and elsewhere, and I have been able to get a few objects together at a less cost than can be done in France now-a-days."

"Monsieur" — Françoise's uncle made a low bow, and his tone had more respect in it — "I shall be delighted to see your curiosities and to show you mine, whenever it may best please you. In Paris, no doubt, these things fetch a fancy price ; but we poor country dealers are different. Will Monsieur come back with us now to my humble dwelling in the Rue Froide ?"

Monsieur Rozo bowed and was profuse in his thanks.

Monsieur Fauve turned to look after his niece ; she had recovered from her annoyance, and was chatting easily with Monsieur Grinçon.

It was a relief to talk to some one after her week's seclusion, and the woollen-draper told her he had been to Bayeux, and knew the little bright-eyed subsacristan of the cathedral, who had been kind to Françoise in her youthful days ; and when Grinçon said in his best manner, "*A l'honneur de vous revoir*, Mademoiselle," the girl nodded pleasantly. "*Au revoir*, Monsieur," she said ; "I

must ask Monsieur about some more of my friends at Bayeux next time we meet."

Monsieur Grinçon stood looking after her, balancing himself on his heels and toes, with what was doubtless, to him a feeling of seraphic content; but which to the beholder was only idiotic in its facial expression.

And the beholder was Madame Duclair, who, from sheer curiosity, had followed the uncle and niece and seen the meeting. She now stood with arms a-kimbo, and finding that the woollen-drapers remained standing in oblivious ecstasy, she advanced and said,

"What is it, Master Grinçon? and why have you sent that *mauvais sujet* along with those good people."

Monsieur Grinçon was startled from a blissful vision, in which already he saw himself the husband of Françoise; and it irritated him to be thus disturbed by such a magpie as Madame Duclair.

"Pardon, Madame. I do not understand, I do not know that Monsieur Roze is a *mauvais sujet*. On the contrary, I think him quite as respectable as—as myself."

There was no cleverness in Monsieur Grinçon which could awe Madame Duclair. She shook her head.

"You see, my friend, that a woman's wits never deceive her—that man has a bad face. I saw him, too, looking at the niece while talking to the uncle."

Monsieur Grinçon's scanty hairs bristled till they were nearly erect.

"What do you say? Ah, that is different," he spluttered; "but you see, Madame, there is excuse for that; most men look at a pretty girl when they get the chance; and there is no girl in Vire like the niece of Monsieur Fauve."

Then he went abruptly into his shop, muttering, "*Morbleu!* this must be seen to. If I am to marry that girl, no one else must visit in the Rue Froide. I have made a little mistake."

Madame Duclair smiled. "Poor old fool," she said.

wind whistled through the bare brick corridors of the great monastic-like building of the Villa Grünwald, in the wild hill-town of Monte del Caccia, which, perched aloft on one of the peaks of the Sabine Hills, within sight of Rome, was yet a good half-day's distance from that city. I sat and shivered in the large barely furnished saloon with my hostess the Signora Giulia, who, there being neither fireplace nor stove in this her country residence, sat huddled up in a fur cloak and felt slippers. She looked very disconsolate, and busied herself in reckoning up the time in her pocket *Diario Romano* till All Saints' Day, the festival when, according to old-established custom, she returned to Rome. Earlier than that date she could not or would not go. Then servants, beds, bedding and half the furniture accompanied their mistress to her town residence; and the ample, but at that season somewhat cheerless and comfortless villa: the pride and ornament of lofty Monte del Caccia, where it stood looking out over the broad Campagna, with its pillared and pedimented front, like a white marble temple: remained deserted, save for the somewhat lax supervision of a neighbouring vine-dresser.

All, however, was safe from plunder or spoliation, for the Signora Giulia was adored by the wild population as half a saint. She would have been a whole saint, but for one little circumstance—she was not of Italian, but of German origin. Still, although she was the daughter of a celebrated northern painter, and the widow of a German sculptor, Herr Grünwald, yet she had lived more than half her life in Italy, and was a devout Catholic. The hot *papalini* race of Monte del Caccia did not believe more blindly than she did in the infallibility of the Holy Father. They were quite agreed that the insurgents from Florence were not *Romani* but *Pagani*: and they had faith in the restoration of the temporal power, because the good signora prayed for it day and night. So she was in very good odour there; together with her only son, the young *padrone*, the Signor Frederigo. He had been brought up amongst them, was quite an Italian, and worthy to be the syndic of Monte del Caccia. For all this, however, the house was best known as the Casa Tedesca.

The wind blew and the rain still poured down, but the Signora Giulia, being a lively lady, and having satisfactorily terminated her calculations, suddenly sprang up, saying:

From The Argosy.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF PIO NONO.

BY MARGARET HOWITT.

It was an afternoon in last October. The rain came down in torrents, and the

"Let us visit the mummies!" and then, without further explanation, having produced a key from her capacious pocket, led the way to her lumber-room. This *rumpel-kammer*, as she termed it, in her cosmopolitan language, was a place where indeed many things were in a rumple. What a confusion it was! Medicine-bottles, books of devotion, crucifixes, rosaries, portmanteaus, dressing-cases, a German zither, top-boots, saddles, extra bedding, and no end of crockery, old and new. She made her way with difficulty through all this confused lumber to an antique Moorish coffer, lifted the lid, and said, "Here are the mummies."

It was full of packets of letters, tied up separately, but all tossed together in the greatest confusion — old yellow letters, mostly written in faded ink, some in the delicate German character, some were French, and others Italian.

"The correspondence chiefly of my poor papa," she said, with a sad smile "I've been making up my mind to sort them for years; they are worth the trouble. You are methodical and patient; you'll help me, won't you?"

Without waiting for my assent, the signora made a sort of vigorous dive down into the box, and brought up a huge sheaf of letters; then, bidding me do the same, "as there was no time like the present," led the way back to the saloon.

My diving into that chaos of correspondence had not been unsuccessful, and I was soon deep in a task which I found anything but wearisome, so curious and interesting were the very first letters and memorandums upon which I alighted. They had evidently been already arranged, most probably by the old painter himself, and dated back from the commencement of this century. One memorandum amongst others, marked 1805, in the painter's handwriting, described the friendly reception given him by that good-natured old lady, Angelica Kauffmann, at her pleasant rooms in the Via Sistina. The next was a note, also written in Rome, by the German poet Tieck, begging for the loan of a few *scudi* as he and his brother the sculptor were in grievous want of money, and did not know where else to turn. Next came a letter of introduction presented by Madame de Staël. I was holding an invitation card to the painter from Madame Buonaparte, of a still earlier date in my hand, when a merry ringing laugh from my companion made me look up.

"Now I have found in this *omnium*

gatherum," she said, "something racy! We've done very well for once. Now let us put all these letters and papers as they are into the drawer of this cabinet. It is growing dusk, and, instead of ruining our eyes, I will tell you the amusing story which this letter has brought back to my mind. It is from the father of the present Zuccone, of the villa yonder, who became so great by what one may call a freak of fortune. No, you shall not look at it, though it is worth reading, for he did not know how to spell; and yet he was the *cavaliere*! It will do me good to laugh, for then I shall get warm; and, when I have ended, Camillo will have announced dinner: then, over our soup, roast pigeons, and hot wine, we shall forget the weather."

And now, dear reader, after this little prelude I will myself step aside, and, having introduced the worthy Signora Giulia to you, leave her to tell her own story; merely premising that I can vouch for its entire truth. She spoke as follows:—

I.

It was in the year 1852 that we first ventured to remain through the whole summer in Italy, and the reason for our so doing was this: Lord Bevis, the well-known English Catholic nobleman, who was spending the summer at Albano, had given my husband a commission for a monument or tomb for his own daughter and heiress, the young Veronica, who had died, the preceding spring, at their English seat in Kent. As Lord Bevis wished to see the work in progress, and was impatient for its completion, my husband, as I have said, was determined to do what we had not hitherto ventured upon—to remain during even the hot months in Rome, working daily in his studio there, and coming out on the Saturday to Monte del Caccia. This was always a favourite place of ours; where also we came for the whole summer, it being so cool and healthy, as well as within such easy reach of Albano. We took, therefore, a large suite of rooms in the villa at the end of the town, near the great Convent of the Redentori, which had been built, a few years before, by the vine-dresser Zuccone, who, from a very poor, ignorant man, had managed, by one means or another, to get money. Here I and my son Fritz, then a boy of twelve, were very pleasantly located.

Being, as I said within easy distance of Albano, scarcely were we settled at

the villa when, one hot afternoon in July, the whole atmosphere laden with the luscious tropical odour of the large magnolia, which grows so abundantly at the Villa Zuccone, Lord Bevis unexpectedly made his appearance to call on me, accompanied by his cousin Monsignor Oliver.

It was so hot in-doors; where, to tell you the truth, I was taking my afternoon siesta; yet, at the same time, such a refreshing breeze from the Mediterranean was playing amongst the vine-leaves of the *pergola*, that I ordered coffee to be immediately served there. It always still remains in my mind as a pleasant picture: the aristocratic, well-nurtured form of Monsignor Oliver, as he sat, in his rich violet soutan, with a background of flame-coloured pomegranate blossom. Lord Bevis, who, on the contrary, was a meagre, spare-looking little man sat with his countenance irradiated with surprise and delight as he gazed upon the wonderful landscape which spread out before him, the same that we have from our own windows—the glittering Mediterranean; the broad, outspread, undulating Campagna; Rome in the distance, and the far-off blue mountains, each one with a name which in itself is poetry. It is a marvellous view. I never saw any one more affected by it than this English lord, who now wished that he had come hither, instead of settling himself at Albano, which had been his ideal of an earthly paradise, until shorn of its glory by comparison with this peculiarly grand, historic landscape.

On this I remarked that it had often astonished me—who always regarded this scenery with the same admiration as his lordship—that His Holiness, when at Castel Gondolfo, within only an easy ride of Monte del Caccia, had never visited it; and thus blessed by his presence his dirty but most devoted subjects. More especially as, just above, was *Sopra Monte*, whence was a still grander panoramic view, and where stood the Convent of the pious Passionist Brothers.

In reply, Monsignor Oliver expressed the same surprise, adding: "This shall be mentioned to Holy Father, rely upon me. I have no doubt but that the suggestion of so faithful a daughter of the Church will not pass without regard."

The gentlemen, after their coffee, wiled away an hour in conversation, chiefly on the historic sites of the vast landscape, and then rode back through the pleasant

chestnut woods, just in time to reach Albano before sunset.

Warm summer weeks glided by, and the conversation of this afternoon almost passed from my mind.

II.

It was September; the hot sun had scorched many of the flowers in the garden; the broad Campagna, stretching below for miles, had become a brown, arid plain; my Fritz studied his Latin grammar in a cool nook of the woods, whilst I led a torpid life in-doors. My husband, then absent, having gone to Carrara to select a block of marble for the Honourable Veronica's tomb, had taken the opportunity of a little run to the Bagno di Lucca; the errand for the marble being his excuse with Lord Bevis, who otherwise would have begrudged a week of his time out of Rome.

It was an unusually hot summer, and the cool breezes from the sea came now but as angel-visits, few and far between. Mid-day was a time of slumberous repose, and thus seven o'clock in the morning saw me on my way to early matins.

It was on the 13th of September. I can never forget the day. As I was ascending the long, steep street honoured by the name of the Corso, I saw, to my surprise, Betta, the wife of dirty Checco, the man who is employed to clean the streets on *festas*, sweeping before her house, as if for dear life.

"What is it all about, Betta?" said I. "Why are you cleaning up thus on a Tuesday?"

"Ah, *signora mia*," she replied, "do you not know that angels will tread this road to-day?"

"Angels, Betta!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Holy Father himself is coming, and the angels in his train."

"Nonsense!" said I, a little angry, suddenly recalling the conversation with Monsignor Oliver. I felt that, if it were so, I should have been notified, but at the same time remembered that Holy Father dearly loved to take his children by surprise. The next moment, looking in at the open door of the bakehouse, I saw Nanna, the baker's wife, operating with a pair of curling-irons on the head of her little Susetta.

At sight of me, out she rushed with the curling-irons in her hand, exclaiming: "Ah, Signora Giulia, I was just going to run down to ask you—can you give me some blue ribbon for Susetta's hair?"

"And for what do you want blue ribbon for Susetta's hair?" asked I, angrily.

"*Madonna beatissima!*" exclaimed she, "and you not heard the wondrous news! His Holiness condescends to visit Monte del Caccia this blessed morning, and we shall have a procession. My little Susetta, who was such a heavenly Mary Magdalene on Ascension Day, will appear in the same character, and Lalla's Alfonso will go as Giovanni Battisto: the *farmacista's* wife has sent her again the beautiful white lambskin tippet."

"Who told you, Nanna, that Holy Father was coming? There must be some mistake."

"Lalla told me," returned Nanna. "There's no mistake, *signora mia*, for Lalla had it from the Sagrestano."

"I will inquire from the Arciprete himself," I said, feeling no little annoyed that, if it really were so, I was the last person to hear of it. Yet I was sorely puzzled. At every step I advanced the general excitement and expectation was evident. White sheets, and red, yellow, and blue curtains and table-cloths were being hung out of the upper windows. There was a greater concourse round the fountain than ever; women and girls fetching water, and snatching away their filled concas as if they had no time to talk; and yet there was a buzz of voices everywhere.

With a proud but somewhat uncomfortable sense of ignoring the truth of this strange rumour, I entered the church, where, I grant, my devotions were a little disturbed when I found myself the only worshipper. Not even blind Girolamo was there, whose boast it was that never for half a century had he missed a single holy office, while the Arciprete himself, very red in the face, and half choked with asthma, hurried through the service, and was gone before I could get a word with him.

At that moment the Sagrestano came forward. "*Sense, signora,*" said he, "but it strikes me as *molto curioso* to see you here, when so many garlands will be wanted. Why, the Soyelle Pie have been up all night making devices."

"Where is blind Girolamo?" asked I, rather tartly.

"He is following the example of blind Bartimteo," replied the Sagrestano, intending this for a little joke; "and is now sitting by the roadside to Castel Gondolfo, that the shadow of the Vicar of Christ may fall upon him."

"Vicar of Christ!" repeated I, indig-

nantly. "Why, then, did not the Arciprete send me word?"

"Why did he not?" repeated he; then added, in a half-confidential tone, "I am afraid he is ill. He should see the *medico*, signora. He will not believe, because the news has come through Salvini, who never goes to confession. Signora, between you and me, there's been a quarrel in the village this very morning between two men about this believing and not believing, and one is badly stabbed. But I say, signora, the best thing is to be ready."

This seemed to be the general sentiment, for, as I made my way back, I encountered everywhere signs of festal preparation. Women at their open windows were arranging their white tavgalia; or were out in the street in their orange or green petticoats, wearing their best coral necklaces and heavy gold earrings. Everywhere a loud chattering and a salutation greeted me in passing about Holy Father's visit. Most of the usual beggars, too, had disappeared; gone like Girolamo to receive the passing holy shadow as early as possible; whilst the bedridden, the disabled from rheumatism, cramp, or ague were crawling out, or being carried out and placed on the roadside.

And yet, in all this show of excited expectation, the effect of which was both pretty and picturesque, the Villa Zuccone alone remained silent and unadorned. At the door, however, I encountered the stout, sallow-complexioned, but handsome *padrona*, Signora Mariana, coming in from the garden, where she had been hanging out her washing. She was still in her every-day dress, but looking very flurried and disconcerted. Following close after, was her slender, pretty daughter Pépina, her black eyes full of tears. Signs of despair were in both their countenances at sight of me. Wringing her yet wet hands, the Signora Madre poured out the most voluble abuse against her husband, *il stupido* Zuccone, who would not believe that Most Holy Father was coming to Monte del Caccia that morning. Everybody else knew he was coming and was getting ready—but Zuccone was an ass!

On this out came Zuccone himself, in a red-hot rage, flourishing his arms, and calling his wife a hundred times an ass for thinking that the Holy Father would do such dishonour to himself and the Monsignore as to come unannounced. He swore he would dismiss Roberto and

Enrico, and twenty other men and women, who refused to go that morning to the vineyard, saying they would stay for the benediction. *Maladetto!* — But his wife, frightened at a curse when the subject was Holy Father's benediction, and knowing as well as everybody else that Zuccone's imprecations, when they once began, were the most diabolical in the village, stopped her ears; saying, as she did so, "Why should they forfeit *paradiso* for our poor vineyard?" And the husband went out to utter his curses elsewhere.

Pretty P  pina cried, and Belisario, her only brother, stalked into the house, rebellion in the very sound of his footsteps. He had met his father in the court, who had ordered him off to work, and he was come in to put his best things on, and to make ready for whatever might occur.

"And is it not *incommoda*," said the wife, "that my best sheets are *in bucato* (in lye). I have not one out if Holy Father comes; and he's sure to come, just because they are *in bucato*!"

"Perhaps Signor Zuccone is right," replied I. "It may be only an idle report. The Arciprete has not heard a word of it."

"*Mamma mia! stupido!*" replied the *padrona*, indignantly. "What a misfortune that Zuccone would build the villa out of the town, so that we never hear any news. The charcoal-burner Salvini and his fellows brought word last night, returning from Rome with their mules by the way of Castel Gondolfo. They had it from one of the pontifical grooms, Ernesto, from Monte del Caccia. He was on the look-out for them, quite white in the face, and perspiration in big drops on his forehead. He implored them, in the name of Madonna and all the saints, to tell the Arciprete and all the pious of Monte del Caccia that his Holiness, who dearly loves a surprise, had ordered his coach and horses for this morning, to take him unexpectedly to the Passionists of Sopra Monte, passing through Monte del Caccia, of course — for how else could he go, signora? And though he might, Ernesto said, endanger his own soul by betraying the secrets of his Holiness, yet, for the credit of his native place, he could not keep silence. So he bade Salvini tell everybody to be ready, for that Holy Father was coming as sure as tomorrow is the day of Santa Eugenia. And though Salvini may be a liar, signora, and never go to confession, yet Ernesto has been half a saint from his

boyhood, and might have been one of the Redentori Frati, but that Monsignor Zoppelli took him into the stables of his Holiness."

Here, however, the *padrona* was interrupted in her voluble talk by the appearance both of Zuccone and the Arciprete at the same moment, coming from different directions; the latter looking hot and very much excited, his snuff-box in one hand, and his large blue cotton pocket-handkerchief in the other.

"The very people I wanted to see," said he. "I'm in the greatest perplexity. The whole town is in revolt: the lowest, most ignorant rabble rise up against me, insisting that Holy Father, our august and venerable pontiff, condescends to pass through Monte del Caccia this very day. The women, the children, my very sacristan — nay, the nuns themselves — snap their fingers in my face, and prefer to believe the idle story of a drunken man, who neglects salvation, rather than — what is impossible — that the minister of Holy Church in this place should be left in utter darkness of so important a fact! I have had no breakfast," continued the aggrieved Arciprete. "I sent my housekeeper, without any personal consideration of my own needs, to Sopra Monte, and the Passionists themselves know nothing of it! Your opposite neighbours, the holy Redentori; Fra Angelo, who is a living saint; and Fra Eustachio, whose brother is the *maggior-domo* of Holy Father himself; know nothing of it. It is a lie of that sinner Salvini's, who seeks to make a laughing-stock of the servant of Holy Church. Holy Father loves surprises, they say, but he does not love to make fools of his devoted servants."

Hearing all this, it struck me that the better plan was to send off Fritz, who was an amazed auditor, and ready at any moment for an adventure, on my donkey, with a note which I would write instantly to Monsignor Oliver; begging him by the sign of the cross, with which I headed my letter, to tell me the truth regarding the rumour of this visit of his Holiness.

The good Arciprete, greatly relieved by this arrangement, went into the house to have breakfast with Zuccone; whilst I, having written my note, saw my son set off on his humble steed, with strict injunctions from me to lose no time by the way; to tie the donkey outside the papal villa; and to return as soon as he got his answer, without a moment's delay.

Zuccone and the Arciprete had scarcely seated themselves at the breakfast-table, when an interruption occurred. The *farmacista* hurried in, bearing a huge, improvised banner in his arms, on which were displayed the cross-keys in gold paper. This was another sign of the public infatuation, intended to figure at the reception of Holy Father. The banner only lacked a few words of good Latin, which the apothecary, though said to be a Latin scholar, was unable to supply. Therefore he had hurried hither to find the Arciprete and beg his help and the use of his paint-box. The Arciprete however, would have nothing to do with it, stamped his foot, took snuff, and swallowed his coffee. Which sent the poor *farmacista* to my room in despair.

By this time I myself had become infested by the public enthusiasm. Whether it were delusion or not, I began with right good will to paint the required inscription, in large red and black letters, and had completed the words "*Dominus noster beatissimus, optimus maximus*," when, at once lifting my eyes to the window, the brush fell from my hand. For I beheld below, winding up the road though the chestnut woods in the direction of the house, what, of a truth, could be no other than Pius, *Dominus noster*, himself!

What became of the *farmacista* and his banner; what became of the Arciprete; I know not. I only know that Zuccone, waking up to the occasion, seized, in a wild, inconsistent, Italian frenzy, upon a broom, and began sweeping the dusty brick-floor of the great vestibule, so that the whole house was filled with a cloud of dust. There was a sudden tumult for all had at once become aware of the fact that the august *cortège* was not only advancing towards the town, but was making a divergence directly to the villa.

Whilst Zuccone swept, and whilst dust rose up everywhere in clouds, I rushed into the garden. Snatching at every green leaf and twig, and every remaining autumn flower, I rushed back again and flung them broadcast over floor and furniture, and then woke up to the fact that I was in my morning cap and dressing-gown, that the pontifical officers of the household, the pontifical *medico*, and no less than five cardinals on horseback, each attended by his own servant, were in the courtyard, heralding in the great coach with its four horses: Holy Father

sitting smiling within the coach, and attendants on horseback behind. I could not take it all in at a glance. But one thing I saw plain enough in the midst of it all: my miserable donkey, with Fritz on his back—impatient to be once more eating his green grass at home—now pushing his way, spite of all the poor lad's efforts to hold him back, at the head of the august procession.

The next thing I saw was Zuccone, who had flung away his broom, and in his hurry pushed me aside also, kneeling at the open carriage door, from which his Holiness was alighting, in his pure white dress, assisted by the Bishop of Tusculum. The next moment, with marvellous presence of mind, assuming that all this honour was out of respect to himself and his house, Zuccone, seizing me by the wrist, drew me forward and presented me as the Signora Giulia. Holy Father, who was in the best of humours, smiled at this, and, holding out his hand to me to be kissed, said, "*Conosco bene Signora Giulia*" (I know the Signora Giulia very well): whilst Monsignor Oliver whispered in my ear: "You see that the wishes of a pious daughter are not disregarded."

His Holiness ascended the steps to the house, and entered the vestibule. As his tastes are simple; and he has always had, even in his saddest experiences, a keen sense of humour; he smiled as he looked round and perceived the hurried show of decorative order which sought to veil the general disorder; the dust not yet laid. He fairly laughed out when he saw the troubled countenance of my poor Fritz, who was now at my side, and graciously sought to reassure him by a little joke about Balaam and his ass.

It was now intimated to Zuccone that his Holiness, according to his custom when on an excursion, required to change his linen; and the proud, supremely happy man had the felicity of standing guard at his own bedroom door whilst this ceremony was performed on the sacred person; his linen for the occasion being produced from a bag in the care of one of the attendants who followed in the train.

His Holiness now, partly for his own convenience, partly, perhaps, out of kind and condescending favour to a faithful daughter of the Church, and for the credit of the house, in order that time and opportunity should be given for its proper preparation, graciously intimated

to me that he would again rest at the villa, and in my apartment, on his return from Sopra Monte.

The pontifical carriages and horses were, therefore, drawn up in the spacious courtyard. The white palfrey used by Holy Father being brought into the inner court, his Holiness mounted, and, attended by the grand array of Eminences, departed. The whole town literally flung itself upon its knees, and prostrated itself in the dust; whilst I, on my part, began to breathe.

III.

BUT now it was necessary as quickly as possible to collect our senses and prepare for the second act, so to speak, of the drama. We had no time to think about the town, which, as I have said, was wild with devotion and excitement, and on its knees: we had enough to think of and to do within doors. The thoughts of the stout and comely signora and her pretty daughter were, however, about their finery: those of Zuccone about the *rinfresco* which he wished to offer his Holiness. He now wrung his hands in an agony of despair because his best helper, he said, in the matter, his son Belisario; seized all at once with a hot enthusiasm for religion; had hastily assumed his garb of sackcloth with its painted skull and cross-bones, as a Brother of the Purgatorio, and gone off with the whole fraternity, carrying the heavy crucifix in its *sacco*, to attend his Holiness in the grand procession to Sopra Monte. What now could be done to provide a suitable *rinfresco*?

My ever ready Fritz, however, though still a little sore about his *contretemps* with the donkey, came to the rescue. Mounting into Zuccone's *carretta*, he drove down to Frascati, with orders which I wrote, to bring back from the confectioner's two men, with ices, biscuits, and every needful for the occasion, besides ordering fireworks and a fire-balloon for the evening. This being Zuccone's especial idea, and his expression to the whole world of his delight to honour and his reverence for his great and remarkable guest.

The preparations for the reception of His Holiness at the villa fell entirely to me: neither Zuccone, his wife, nor daughter had any wits left; and I naturally looked round as soon as Fritz was gone, with the eye of an upholsterer as to the capabilities of my apartment. Fortunately it was in itself, though very

sparsely furnished, large and handsome; and as I, by good luck, had purchased from a Jew in the Ghetto, in Rome, an antique arm-chair, which I had, by good luck also, brought here for my summer siestas, this I determined, though the cover was none of the best, nor the seat of the softest, to convert into a throne for Holy Father. Ornaments of any other kind certainly there were none. But, after having arranged flowers, and hung up hastily-made garlands; and by help of a portfolio of my lamented father's drawings, whose slightest efforts have ever drawn forth the approbation of our beloved pontiff, for whom he executed a series of designs now in the Vatican; the large room began to assume a festal appearance. Full of satisfaction so far, I now turned my attention to the seat of honour: the only seat necessary in the apartment.

For this purpose I hastened across to the Convent of the Redentori, feeling sure that the Holy Brothers of the Trinity would gladly assist me with some of their sacred draperies. But for once I had counted without my host. Fra Angelo, good man, answered me somewhat snappishly, saying that they needed all for the sudden decoration of their chapel, seeing that Holy Father would bless it and them on his return. Fra Eugenio, Fritz's Latin teacher, who was fixing the heavy wax candles in their sockets, whispered me in passing to wait a little. I waited, then followed him by a back way to the vestry, where Fra Eustacio, with a little sigh, yielded up to me an armful of yellow silk damask, with which I stepped away no little satisfied: understanding clearly enough that the prior was not over well pleased that Holy Father should refresh himself at the Villa Zuccone, instead of in the refectory of the sacred Redentori.

My old chair was soon transformed into one of regal state. A pillow was laid upon the hard seat, a footstool was improvised, and the whole covered and draped in the completest manner; a piece of gold brocade, on which, as it happened, the papal arms were wrought, conspicuously shining forth on the back.

All this done, I had still ample time to attend to my own toilet and that of Fritz, who returned in triumph with his two men. These I now left in possession of my saloon to cover the empty table with most elegant *rinfrescamiento*.

Presently the clanging of all the bells in Monte del Caccia announced that his

Holiness was on his descent from Sopra Monte. From the *loggia* on the roof, where we all betook ourselves: the Zuccone family in the highest festal array, and Zuccone himself quite unstable on his feet, as if fairly drunk with proud excitement: we beheld the descending train, first winding slowly down the ancient Via Triumphalis, leading from the lofty white convent, a long procession. We could discern banners, crosses, and sacred *baldochini*; the diversified garbs of various fraternities; the black-habited Passionists; and then a long train of peasant people in their festal attire. After a while, again the procession appeared, now in larger dimensions, at the top of the Corso, on the church platform. Here the Brethren of the Holy Trinity, who had ascended from their monastery below, in their habits of pure white flannel, presented to his Holiness an address, in the name of the town, which had been rapidly cobbled up in very bad Latin, by the prior himself, and in which all the inhabitants of Monte del Caccia, old and young, vowed eternal fidelity to Holy Church.

No one can imagine the glorious solemnity of the scene (said Signora Giulia, with a suddenly altered tone of voice, and the tears starting to her eyes); it was a scene of heavenly radiance. Holy Father twenty years younger than now, seated on his snow-white led horse; his countenance beaming with a celestial benignity, extending his hands in blessing over the kneeling throng, which had gathered as by magic from all the hills and towns around: Frascati and Marino, Gensano and Grotto Ferrata; from the heights of Hannibal's camp; from the solitudes of Nemi: regardless of their dress; all seized, as it were, with a frenzy to behold his Holiness and to receive his blessing. The open spaces before the church and round the fountain, and all the long breadth of the Corso, were paved, as it were, with prostrate human forms; men, women, and little children; through which the sacred procession now slowly descended: Holy Father, with benignity on his face, pouring out his blessing upon them as he went. It was, in fact, the most gorgeous and real Corpus Domini procession that we ever had; for the Arciprete, having collected his wits, had concluded that the best precedent for this memorable occasion was that of this favourite *fiesta*; especially as he wished to show that, though Monte del Caccia was poor in a

worldly sense, yet it was rich in sacred treasures. Thus the golden umbrella and the yellow *baldochino* of cloth of gold, and all the other paraphernalia of the church, were made manifest; whilst the matrons and girls formed themselves into their various holy societies, and the men dropped into the ranks of the two fraternities of Purgatorio and Misericordia. First and foremost of the latter came Pompeii, the opulent and fat *fuzzicagnolo*, or cheesemonger, with his bald bare head. He had toiled up and down the Sopra Monte at the risk of a sunstroke or apoplexy, of which, good man, he never thought during this work of salvation; especially as, in the descent from the convent, he contrived a momentary halt before his shop, which was ornamented with buffalo-cheeses, hams, and chaplets of bay. Holy Father, eager to gratify or countenance the efforts of these simple folks, lifted up his arms in benediction, whilst the afternoon sun, shining now full upon him through an opening in the houses, seemed to add radiance to his gracious countenance and a fresh brightness to his white and golden garments.

So the long and solemnly benignant procession moved slowly down the Corso between the prostrate masses. And, strange to say, in the front of all marched the poor half-witted hermit of Santa Maria della Rocca, carrying a rude crucifix in his arms. After him came the Brothers of the Holy Trinity, chanting their psalteries. On they came. The advance of the procession passed the Villa Zuccone. Then a halt was made.

The villa, now swept and garnished, was filled with a warm breath of incense, and Holy Father and their Eminences crossed the threshold. Before long he was seated in the chair of state; when Zuccone, in his black suit, having already prostrated himself before His Holiness, again came forward, and presented his wife and daughter, in their black silk dresses and black veils, to kiss the gold-embroidered cross on the papal slipper. After which, seizing my hand, as I knelt apart from them, with Fritz by my side, he strove to lead me forward for the same ceremony, again saying, with some importunity, "*La Signora Giulia, il Signor Frederigo!*" On which Holy Father replied, almost impatiently: "*Vi dico conosco molto bene la Signora Giulia e suo figlio.*" Then, turning to me with a smile in which was an expression of dry humour, he said, "Ah, my poor dear Passionists!

I've loosened their tongues to-day. They will to-day talk so much about their Papa that Calvary will be forgotten!" Graciously giving me his hand to kiss, I retired.

The *rin fresco* having been duly served, ices, coffee, and biscuits were handed round and partaken of. His Holiness, having blessed the house, departed, one short quarter of an hour sufficing for this important event. And his Holiness, having spoken a benediction in the decorated chapel of the Redemptorists across the road, passed away like a magnificent dream.

IV.

BUT it was no dream to Zuccone. Those two short quarters of an hour; the coming and going of the sovereign pontiff; were the turning-points in his life. He could think and talk of nothing else.

He was, in the first instance, almost before his Holiness had returned to Castel Gondolfo; peremptory in his desire to purchase the chair which had been so much honoured that day. But money would not tempt me; the chair had ceased to be an ordinary chair also to me. I was resolute in retaining it; I have it still, and it is, in fact, that in which you are seated at this moment.

(I rose and looked at the chair, now covered with its faded old brown damask, but no way superior to any other piece of furniture in the room. It was, however, like Signora Giulia herself, rich in experiences, which its homely exterior would not have led one to expect. I re-seated myself and she continued:)

The Arciprete, good man, swallowing his mortification and discomfiture, preached on the following Sunday a somewhat startling sermon; to me, at least; inasmuch as he spoke of the surprise which his Holiness and himself had prepared for the people of Monte del Caccia, dilating largely on the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. He said, likewise, that a marble tablet, commemorative of the great event, must be let into the external wall of Villa Zuccone, so that it might be read by all, and known to all future generations.

This was a hint to Zuccone, on whom nothing which could contribute to his greatness was lost. He, however, without regard either to the public or posterity, at once ordered this marble tablet at his own expense. It was inserted in the wall of the saloon which I occupied,

where his Holiness was entertained, and announced to all posterity that "*Il sommo Pontifice* Pius IX., when visiting the monks of Sopra Monte, on Sept. 13th, 1852, attended by many illustrious Eminences, deigned to repose himself twice in this room, blessing and permitting the family of Cavaliere Tomaso Zuccone, the founder of this house, to kiss his sacred foot; and that in perpetual remembrance of this, he has had this marble placed in the wall."

But now observe: this Zuccone, only on the very day of this illustrious visit, was an ignorant vine-stopper. Poor he was born, but, partly by industry, and partly, it was said, by accident, he had made money and built this house. His children were ignorant, and bred to toil; his wife, a *contadina*, washed her own linen; and Zuccone himself had not apparently an idea beyond his vineyard and olive-grounds. Now, however, he is a *cavaliere* and a nobleman, and in this it is that consists the Freak of Fortune.

The very morning after the eventful 13th of September the half-witted hermit-priest of Maria della Rocca, meeting Zuccone, addressed him as *il Signor Cavaliere*.

"What is the meaning of that?" asked Zuccone, speaking gruffly, as was his custom.

The poor old hermit, thinking that he had some way unwittingly done wrong, apologized; saying he thought he must be so, because he knew, when he was a boy, a *mercante di campagna* who, owing to a passing visit of Pius VII. to his house, became ennobled, both him and his family.

This was enough for Zuccone. He at once set off to an *avvocato*, or lawyer, in Rome; who, scarcely investigating the matter, assured him that he, the simple vine-dresser, was ennobled by the papal visit, and raised to the rank of *cavaliere*.

Never was there a more complete Freak of Fortune; but, as Fortune's favours are not always blessings, so was it in this case. From that day he was an altered man.

Fortunately the period for which we had taken the rooms in the villa soon expired, and we were spared the ludicrous annoyance of his bombastic airs. The day we left he intimated to us that henceforth he should occupy the whole villa himself, though he would be happy to see us for a day or so as visitors. At the same time he informed us that his *carrettiere* or carter, who took our lug-

gage to Rome, would bring back some of the new furniture which he had ordered, all of which, he said, he had had emblazoned with the Zuccone arms. This was very amusing, as Zuccone, very soon after his greatness dawned upon him, had had himself announced to my husband in his studio in Rome as *il cavaliere*. My husband, ready for any joke, flattered him to the top of his bent, and there and then designed for him the Zuccone arms—a big pumpkin vert on a field gules. So now the grand furniture, duly emblazoned, was to come back with the *carrettiere* who took our luggage.

For more than a year we saw nothing more of the great Pumpkin family, for our villa was not then built, and the following summer we spent in Germany. But the family greatness and dignity had not added to the happiness of Signora Mariana and her children. Young Belisario, taken from his labours in the vineyard and olive-ground and his dignity as a *confrère* of the Puratorio, was sent to college in Rome. He wore a long cloak and a white cravat, and had his father's commands to perfect himself into a young Roman gentleman. The poor little fluttering Pèpina was torn from her mother's side and sent to a convent, to learn to speak French and to embroider; instead of working amongst the vines and olives, with every now and then a tender word or a loving glance over the rose-hedge from young Giacomo Fioretti, of the neighbouring vineyard. The union between these young people had been arranged between their mothers ever since Pèpina was in swaddling-bands.

It was not till the Carnival of the following spring that I again saw the Cavaliere Zuccone, who now, in accordance with his superb notions, was here to make merry during the *otto giorni del Paradiso* as the Italians call the eight days of the Carnival. This he did by driving up and down the Corso in a handsome open carriage, pelting the grandees with *confetti* and the ladies with flowers, now considering himself one of their class. Never did man make himself more ridiculous, yet flatter himself, at the same time, that he was the pink of nobility. He smoked Havannah cigars; he wore a gold eye-glass; and wound up every night with the theatre and the masked ball. He was completely changed. No less so was the stout, good-tempered Mariana. The parting with her children, and, above all, her daughter, had been a great trouble to

her; she had grown thin and heavy-hearted; and, on the Friday in Carnival week, suddenly made her appearance in our rooms, looking anything but carnivalesque. She was come to ask me to go with her to buy damask table-linen, which her husband considered indispensable for their greatness. She shed tears over the silken-textured material; deploring that she could now neither starch nor iron, to say nothing of washing; and then over the thought of her poor little Pèpina, who was so *consumata*, wasted away to nothing; whilst the worthy Giacomo Fioretti—whose father was a sensible man, adding vineyard to vineyard—had been insulted in their own house, friend of the family as he had been for years, by Zuccone himself. And as to poor Belisario—here was another trouble! he had suffered all sorts of indignities at the college; had run away, and was now at Monte del Caccia; had come whilst his father was at the Carnival, who, therefore, knew nothing of it. But Belisario declared he would not go back; he would enlist for a soldier; do anything rather than be made a fine gentleman of. Finally came the grand trouble of all: Zuccone was an altered man; he spent and spared nothing; his only thought was to do as the nobility did; his vineyard and his olive-ground, which had hitherto been his pride, were now neglected; he walked about in his Sunday coat every day in the week, and did nothing, because he was *il cavaliere*!

It was not a merry Carnival to the poor Signora. Though she was allowed to visit her daughter in the convent, that only increased her trouble; for Pèpina's eyes were red with weeping, and she could not tell her grief to her mother, because Sister Loretta would not leave them together for a minute. How, therefore, could it be a merry Carnival?

V.

AGAIN it was summer (said Signora Giulia, raising from her lap the letter which had first reminded her of this family history, and which she had been holding between her fingers all the time). This letter is directed to the Benconosciuto Scultore Grünwald, in Rome. The writer, *il cavaliere* Zuccone, addressing him as the *egregio signore*, says that; regarding it as needful, considering his rank in life, to prepare his family tomb or monument; he desires to have his bust taken and executed in marble by the said *egregio signore*, hoping that five

hogsheads of his best wine, that is to say of the vintage of 1846, would be considered as an equivalent.

My husband was so incensed by the arrogance and presumption of the writer that he threw the letter aside in indignation, and certainly would have taken no notice of it, had not a little note, in the poorest of handwriting; which, however, I recognized as that of Signora Mariana; been left at our house a day or two afterwards by the veritable Salvini, of noted charcoal memory. This note entreated my husband as a Christian to take Zuccone's bust, seeing that things were going on very badly at the villa. Her husband, she said, had obstinately set his mind, not only on having it done, but done in their own house. Therefore she entreated them to send over some day and come with the good Signora, so that she might open her breaking heart to them: for though *forestieri* she could trust them better than Italians, who were so treacherous.

Out of pity, therefore, to the poor heart-broken wife, we went again to the Villa Zuccone. And though we never saw the five hogsheads of wine, I always considered it especially fortunate that we did so, because it gave us the opportunity of purchasing the beautiful site upon which, the following year, we began to build our own villa—this pleasant country home where we now are, and which became such a source of interest and enjoyment to my dear father as long as he lived.

My husband, in his good nature, not only modelled the bust of *il cavaliere*, but, according to his own wish, made him look twenty years younger than he was, and represented him in the uniform of the Guardia Nobile, or Papal Guard. So assiduous was the poor wife to make us comfortable that he modelled her also; not as she was then, with all those lines of anxiety and worry on her comely countenance; but as she had appeared two summers before, a fine type of the *contadina*, become, by good fortune, a signora.

Everything, as the poor woman said, had gone wrong with them since Holy Father's visit had made *il cavaliere* of her husband. Even the vine-disease, which had not hitherto been at all prevalent in that district, had nearly destroyed their whole vintage the last year. The olive-crop had also failed, and the last summer had been so dry that they had hardly any hay, which hitherto had been

one of the most remunerative harvests to her husband. In spite of all these losses, and the growing shortness of money, he would not let any portion of the villa to the *forestieri*, who, as usual, when the summer heat becomes oppressive in Rome, flee out to the hills, and to whom the handsome Villa Zuccone, situated on the very top of Monte del Caccia, was always attractive. No; all the last summer it had stood unoccupied, though more families than usual inquired after it.

Mariana loved to have *forestieri* in the villa, independently of the money they brought, because she was kind-hearted and socially inclined; and I fortunately hit upon the only argument with her husband that could have any weight with him. The Roman princes Borghese, Sciarra, and many others, let apartments in their palaces; why, then, should *il cavaliere* refuse? He consented, therefore; and, to the infinite satisfaction of poor Signora Mariana, a wealthy American family were located in our apartment that very summer.

In other respects, also, our visit was productive of good. We espoused the cause of young Giacomo Fioretti; we played dominoes with Fra Eustacio, Zuccone's director; and so, I believe, became instrumental in the final act of this little drama.

We never, as I have said, saw the five hogsheads of wine; but then events in the Zuccone family wound themselves up very rapidly. Money worries, quarrels, and all kind of annoyances came down like an armed force on poor, foolish Zuccone, who fell that same autumn into fever, which carried him off in three days. On the last afternoon of his life, after Fra Eustacio had administered extreme unction, poor little Pápina, who had now been some days from the convent, was betrothed to good Giacomo.

The *cavaliere* was now dead and buried. You have seen his tomb in the church with its pompous Latin inscription, in which the visit of his Holiness is not omitted. The busts of himself and his wife were never put into marble; they remain, however, in their places of honour each on their respective pedestal, under the famous marble inscription which ennobles the saloon.

The Signora Mariana again washed her own linen, fed her fowls, and let the principal rooms in her house to *forestieri*; and, finally might once more be heard singing under the vine-covered *pergola*.

She had now good reason to be contented, for the family vineyards were again well cultivated. Giacomo Fioretti, to the comfort of her heart, undertook the stewardship. Belisario, influenced by the one good seed sown in his mind during his short and humiliating experience in the Roman college, went for a few years to study the improved management of the vine in Tuscany. He returned with a practical knowledge which soon made the vineyards of Zuccone and Fioretti; now well-fed and middle-aged men; the most famous on the southern side of Rome: and for which, I am told, only this last year, in the competition amongst the vinegrowers, obtained no less than two gold medals.

It is now twenty years since the important event occurred which made the greatness and the downfall of Zuccone the elder; but Holy Father still remembers, with no little merriment, this Freak of Fortune. Only on the last Festa of St. Peter and St. Paul, when I went to the Vatican to offer my homage to the great successor of St. Peter, he said to me, with that dry little laugh which all his familiars know so well:

"Ah, poor Cavaliere Tommaso! Let us hope we shall find him in *paradiso*!"

From The Contemporary Review.
CHARLES I. AND HIS FATHER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY PETER BAYNE.

II.

CHARLES STUART, who ascended the throne of England in the spring of 1625, inherited peculiarities both physical and mental from his father. He was an ailing child, and exhibited indelible traces of James's tottering gait and stuttering articulation. If Lilly can be trusted, "the old Scottish lady, his nurse, used to affirm that he was of a very evil nature even in his infancy," and his own mother predicted harm from his wilfulness. If he was his father's superior in dignity, he ran into the opposite extreme of punctiliousness. If James was offensively familiar, he surrounded himself with elaborate frostwork barriers of etiquette, and ticketed the rooms in Whitehall in the ratio of their accessibility to courtiers of this rank and of that. Of the sagacity which lay beneath all his father's absurdities he had not a trace.

Everything except the vague sentiment of favour which attends incipient royalty was against Charles. In the beginning of his reign he went to meet his bride, Henrietta Maria of France, and spent his first few days of wedded life at Canterbury. It was distressing to the English people that their king should marry a Papist. Henrietta, it is true, was French, and this, in the popular apprehension, was better than if she had been Spanish; but in connection with the marriage negotiations, occasion had been found to offend and alarm the Protestant feeling of the nation. The English Court had engaged to furnish eight ships to the French king, and it was whispered that they were to be employed against Rochelle. Admiral Pennington declared that he would be hanged rather than serve against the Huguenots, and every man in the ships, with the exception of one gunner, made off. Those ingenious gentlemen who discourse on the continuity of the Church of England, and ask you to name a date for the English Reformation, might be assisted by these circumstances. When, in a fleet fitted out by Charles I., exactly one man could be found, from admiral to powder-monkey, who did not prefer the risks of disobedience and mutiny to fighting against French Protestants, the historical continuity of the old popish Church of England may be said to have been broken.

The presence of Henrietta at his side put the final touch to that distrust with which Charles was regarded by his subjects when he began to rule over them. The French princess played an important part in the eventful drama of the time. She was devoted to her Church, and the harshness of English Protestantism was not likely to soften her popery. By her marriage treaty she was empowered to bring up her children in her own religion until they were thirteen years old; and though historians say that this was but a formal concession on the part of the English negotiators, we can judge whether the conscience, the confessor, or the womanly pride of Henrietta was likely to treat it as such. It is certain that her sons Charles II. and James II. were Papists. She was naturally regarded by the English and Irish Catholics as the head of their party, and her daring intrigues in the popish interest brought her life into extreme danger. She won her husband's affections, and attained great influence over him. At first, indeed, he tried to assert his mastership,

and soon after his marriage turned the whole bevy of the queen's attendant French women out of England. Charles was always apt to fly out into impotencies of sudden rage. "Force them away," he wrote to Buckingham, "driving them away like so many wild beasts until ye have shipped them; and so the devil go with them." But, though wilful, Charles had no strength of will, and as his troubles thickened, and the soft brilliancy of Henrietta's youth deepened into the gracious sadness of her matron beauty, she attained an ascendancy over him which at last became supreme.

Intense interest was at this time excited in England by the siege of Rochelle. Richelieu had in youth aspired to be a soldier, and although the patrimonial bishopric drew him into the Church, he gave proof that, under his cardinal's hat, worked the genius of a great commander. Having shut up the Huguenots in their last city, he proceeded to reduce the town with the calculated energy of one who, from the beginning, sees the end. A sea-wall of his devising strode gradually across the mouth of the harbour to intercept approaching succours. A cry rose from the Protestants of England as if Richelieu were at their own gates. Buckingham heard the appeal and answered it; but he did so, not as the sure and patient chief who is as careful in preparation as prompt and bold in fight, but as the spoiled child of royal favour. Unwarned by the failure of Count Mansfeldt's expedition, he sailed for Rochelle without securing an understanding with the besieged. The Rochellers could not forget the episode of the ships. When Buckingham appeared with his squadron in the offing, they refused to admit him. He determined to attempt the Isle of Rhé. At first, because he encountered no force capable of meeting him in the field, he fancied he was carrying everything before him; but he had no conception of the art of war, and threw away time and men in attacking without the requisite ordnance the principal fort in the island. The French then came upon him in overwhelming numbers, and though he and his men fought bravely, two-thirds of the army of 7,000 perished, and he returned with the wreck of the expedition to England.

Amid the storm of indignation which greeted the duke on his return, Charles stood by him faithfully. This might have been to the credit of the king if he had first inquired, with a due sense of

responsibility for the blood and substance of his people, into the causes of the failure. But he liked Buckingham, and had no idea of the process by which defeat is converted into victory. Charles always acted as if he believed that success or failure is a prize or a blank drawn in a lottery—that a mere favourite is as likely to succeed as a man of ability; and that, when one expedition collapses, the thing to be done is just to fit out another in the old way of routine. Buckingham has failed; well, let Denbigh, Buckingham's brother-in-law, try it. Denbigh fails, bringing back the fleet with the imputation of having flinched from the enemy; let it be Buckingham once more, then. A new expedition was accordingly fitted out, and Buckingham was appointed to the command. The popular party distrusted this expedition as they had distrusted the other, and the land rang with execrations of the duke. These, acting upon a sore point of personal grudge in a weak and fanatical brain, inflamed John Felton into a monomaniac; and as Buckingham was about to embark at Portsmouth in August, 1628, he stabbed him to the heart. It remains, therefore, a matter of speculation whether the favourite had it in him to retrieve, by some splendid feat of genius, his own fame and the fortunes of his master.

The expedition sailed under command of the Earl of Lindsay, but effected nothing. After one of the most heroic defences recorded in history, Rochelle surrendered. The embrace of Richelieu had closed round 15,000 Rochellers, the last and bravest of the Huguenots of France; 4,000 living skeletons confessed that they could do no more.

During the three years of the new reign over which we have been glancing, the Parliament of England had played no unimportant part on the stage of affairs. The historical describer has always to regret that he must treat events, not simultaneously and in vital connection with each other, as they occurred, but in succession. That old Mexican, or old Egyptian and Assyrian, method of writing history, in which it was painted on broad walls, was the right one. Here army meets army in shock of conflict; there the assailants enter the breach in a city wall; on the one hand the king and his councillors meet in palace; on the other the queen and her ladies look on with interest while lions crunch the heads of captives. It is impossible to transfer the panorama of

events to the printed page; otherwise we might have shown how, while English seamen were rushing from their ships *en masse* rather than serve against Huguenots, while English armies were sinking in French swamps, while the banner of Protestantism, once proudly upheld by the arm of Elizabeth, was being struck down from Bohemia to Rochelle, the Commons of England looked on in the background, their brows clouded with shame and grief, their eyes sparkling with fiercest anger. Blind to the state of the nation he undertook to govern, Charles was surprised, when he met his first Parliament in 1625, to find that the Houses were indisposed to put confidence in his administration, and that supplies were stingily dealt out. Hume thinks it sufficient to convict the Commons of unreasonableness to say that they forced James and Charles into a war with Spain, and withheld the supplies required for its vigorous prosecution. The explanation is that, though favouring the war with Spain, they distrusted Buckingham, and were bent upon expelling him from the royal councils. Charles dissolved them. In 1626 he called a second Parliament, but the cry of the Commons still was for the dismissal of Buckingham—that is to say, for a complete change of administration; and in six months they had shared the fate of their predecessors. His third Parliament met in 1628; and for the third time, as by a spectre which he could not lay, he was confronted by the patriot party. The philosophic sympathy of Hume for the afflicted monarch is fine. His Parliaments, instead of pouring the contents of England's purse into his lap, would only carp and grumble; and yet they had nothing to complain of except that the religious bent of the Court was dead against that of a passionately religious people, and that the general administration was perhaps the most beggarly tale of disgrace and disaster to be found in the whole annals of England!

Hume, however, is right when he says that "it is ridiculous to consider the English constitution before that period as a regular plan of liberty." It was still possible for the sovereign of England to feel that his kingly honour and his duty to God and his country required him to maintain his own will and judgment against Parliament. The Puritan leaders, on the other hand, Eliot, Pym, Hampden, and their fellows, though they revered Magna Charta, and were all

that Mr. Carlyle means by "constitutional pedants"—that is to say, they attached infinite importance to the collective reason and will of nations, and would not have been loyal to the angel Gabriel, as king in England, if he had superseded law and Parliament—had no parchment programme of constitutional freedom. They had an indestructible sense of what English liberty had been in the past. Through the presaging instinct of greatness they were aware of "the spirit of the future time, yearning to mix itself with life," and were resolute that English freedom should be transmitted unimpaired to their posterity. They knew that the political institutions of Europe were in a state of transition, and that the liberties of England must be carried over into the new time or lost forever. They understood what Richelieu was doing in France, and were aware that Philip II., by dint of ruthless patience, had strangled the spiritual and the civil freedom of old Spain; and that, even in Aragon, where the black business had been most difficult of execution, "the grinning skulls of the Chief Justice of the kingdom and of the boldest and noblest advocates and defenders of the national liberties, exposed for years in the market-place with the record of their death-sentence attached, informed the Spaniards, in language which the most ignorant could read, that the crime of defending a remnant of human freedom and constitutional law was sure to draw down condign punishment."*

The patriot or country party of the Parliament which framed the Petition of Right, represented, first of all, the material wealth of England. The Commons, who, as a body, were patriots, were computed to have among them three times as much riches as the Lords. With the fact that they were men of substance may fitly be taken the fact of their ingrained conservatism. Engaged in transacting a revolution, they deprecated change: their whole revolution was formalized as opposition to change. They revered the monarch and the monarchy, but detested the slavish teachings of the Laudian school, by which the king was made a despot. Among those who, in tones of clear and fervid eloquence, enforced the principle and policy of realizing the new by preserving and adapting the old, was Sir Thomas Wentworth, a dark, sharpman, of good Yorkshire blood, whose

* Motley's "United Netherlands."

massive head, strong brows and keen lips could not escape observation as he sat in the front rank of the patriots. "We must vindicate—what?" asked the future Strafford. "New things? No: our ancient, legal, and vital liberties; by reinforcing the laws enacted by our ancestors; by setting such a stamp upon them that no licentious spirit shall dare henceforth to invade them." Bent upon vindicating the law, the party was appropriately strong in legal talent, counting as its own Selden and Coke, each with extensive cellarage of brain, in which lay stowed away enormous treasure of law learning.

Such were the Puritan patriots of Charles's third Parliament; men of substance, men of thought and energy; great in discernment, in civil courage, in patience; in conservatism that revered even the husk of the old, and yet would, by invincible instinct, make way for the green living bud of the new as it inexorably superseded the old. They desired to bring the Crown into harmony with the deliberate intelligence of the country, to secure that the national policy should be worthy of England and the administration in the hands of trusted and able men; that the Court should be frankly Protestant, and that the laws for repressing popery should be enforced; that the liberty of the subject should be inviolable except by legal process; and that property should be exempt from seizure except to the extent permitted by Parliament. As we read over the few unadorned clauses of the Petition of Right, we are disposed to wonder that words so measured and claims so mild should involve issues so momentous and interests so vast.

It was in the first summer months of 1628 that the Commons, having voted five subsidies but not yet actually handed them over to the Court, pressed the king to accept the Petition of Right. He had recourse to shuffling and evasion, trying to over-reach the patriots by assenting in words framed for the occasion, not in those used by kings of England since the Conquest. His artifices were penetrated and baffled, and he then accepted the Petition of Right in regular form. But he accepted it ungraciously, grudgingly, as one that gnawed his tongue for pain. The patriots received the concession with gratitude too deep for words, but their joy was of short duration. Charles had no sooner pocketed his subsidies and prorogued Parliament than he

contemptuously broke his promise. In the following August Buckingham was slain; Charles tried to persuade the judges to let him put Felton to the torture with a view to the discovery of accomplices. The judges declined, but the royal attempt would not escape the notice of the patriots. Before the Houses re-assembled, Rochelle had fallen. Charles had been drawing closer to Laud, and had ostentatiously favoured the clergymen whom, on account of their servility and Arminianism, the Commons had punished. The death of Buckingham had plainly brought no new era. The session, therefore, which commenced in January, 1629, was stormy. The House resolved itself into a committee of religion, determined to grapple once for all with Laud's counter-reformation, which seemed to them palpably a conspiracy in the interest of the pope. A grand remonstrance was on the way, a remonstrance in which Laud was to be named, and in which the claims and principles of the Petition of Right were to be reaffirmed. Charles hurried to dissolve the Parliament, and after a scene of excitement unprecedented in English Parliamentary history, during which, while Hollis and others held down Speaker Finch by main force in the chair, resolutions against popery, Arminianism, and illegal exactions were passed by acclamation, the session abruptly closed. This was in March, 1629. Charles breathed freely as one who, to use his own word, had succeeded in trampling down a brood of "vipers," and determined that he would govern henceforth without Parliaments.

It was about the time of Buckingham's death that Sir Thomas Wentworth deserted the popular party and joined the Court. The opinion of Pym and the patriots was that his desertion was an act of deliberate apostacy; and the candid historian is constrained to admit that no other decision would be just. The best that can be said in mitigation of his guilt is that the maudlin romance of personal devotion to Charles may have sentimentalized and softened into vice the robust virtue of his devotion to England.

The policy of Thorough—a word adopted from the correspondence of Laud and Strafford to denote the system of administration during those years when Parliaments were suspended in England—was no special device of any man's. It was naturally suggested by

Charles's situation, and was the embodiment of his arbitrary disposition, his wilfulness, his detestation of Parliaments, his belief in his divine right to be an autocrat. During those years he was a resolute and unrelenting despot. Men who had irritated him by their Parliamentary opposition were imprisoned. Monopolies of soap, salt, wine, leather, sea-coal, hampered industry. The king's forests were arbitrarily extended in disregard of private rights; and it is notable that whereas James, with a genuine kingliness of satisfaction in increasing the resources of his country and the prosperity of his subjects, had interested himself in planting Ulster with men, Charles was perpetually bent upon extending the breadth of his acreage under trees and game.

Where Strafford was present, whether in Yorkshire or in Ireland, there was energetic civil administration, and Laud ruled the Church with a rod of iron; but the impotence which had characterized Charles's general administration from the first, continued to prevail. Though he devoted much attention to the fleet and was fond of building large ships, the narrow seas were not safe for English vessels or the English coast for English subjects. "The merchants," said the Commons, describing this period in the Remonstrance of 1641, "have been left so naked to the violence of the Turkish pirates, that many great ships of value, and thousands of his Majesty's subjects, have been taken by them and do still remain in miserable slavery." As if he had not his hands full enough at home, Charles meddled in foreign politics, and meddled not as an able or high-minded statesman but as a mean and incompetent intriguer. He intrigued with Spain against Holland, and with the Netherlands against Spain, not reaping a shred of advantage in either case but incensing both parties against him. These negotiations are painfully detective in the light they cast upon Charles's character. For the promise of the isles of Zealand he was ready to assist Spain to subjugate Holland; and in the idea that the Netherlands might accept him for sovereign he was willing to help them to throw off the Spanish yoke.* It is difficult to imagine any motive for these proceedings except personal ambition. Charles alienated the sympathy of every

foreign power, and in his misfortunes had no friend either among Catholics or Protestants.

Strafford discerned that the thing essentially necessary, if Charles was to reign despotically over England, Scotland, and Ireland, was a drilled and disciplined army. Laud pointedly agreed with Strafford as to the absolute necessity of a military force that could be relied on. These two singled out each other, and were singled out by their contemporaries, as the pillars of the new despotism. It was reserved for Lord Macaulay to discover that the man in whom Strafford absolutely confided, and whom the Long Parliament struck down as well as Strafford, was an imbecile. What is still more surprising, his lordship's estimate is based almost exclusively on the fact that Laud jotted down his dreams, and that his dreams were as foolish as other people's. Not one of Laud's contemporaries would have found the slightest trace of superstition in his diary. Strafford himself did not feel the need of strenuously drilling troops more acutely than Laud. Strafford himself could not have regarded with more contempt and distress the administrative imbecility which reigned in London than Laud. The intellectual range of the archbishop was narrow; his temper was morose and fanatical; he was an ecclesiastic, and not more than an ecclesiastic; he committed almost incredible mistakes; but in the sincerity of his belief, in the concentration of his energy, in his complete and disinterested devotion to his Anglican idea, he was great. In his main aim of securing the priesthood and the episcopate for the Crown, he succeeded; and the Church of England wears his image and superscription to this hour. No sooner was the gripe of Pym on the throat of Strafford, than the Irish Parliament turned on him like Actæon's hounds on their master; but when the Short Parliament of 1640 refused to grant supplies, Laud's clergy in convocation tabled their money.

After Buckingham's assassination, Laud's sway over Charles became absolute. It was a strange relation in which the ecclesiastic stood to his sovereign; a relation in which every word of the priest was a word of reverent assent, every look a look of abject submission, nay, every thought the thought of a willing and grateful minion, but in which nevertheless the intellect, conscience, and will of the sovereign were mastered

* Clarendon and Hardwicke State Papers, quoted by Hallam.

by the priest. Charles was one of the few men who perfectly understood Laud, and was an Anglican of Laud's type. An Anglican king and an Anglican high priest, each supreme in his own sphere, each divinely commissioned to rule over England, each encompassed with a mystic sacredness and inviolability; the high priest enjoining the people to submit in all things to the king, the king putting all the civil authority of the State at the service of the Church: this was the vision that enthralled the imagination of Charles. There was an irresistible charm for a man of intense wilfulness, and whose intellectual strength was not in proportion to his religious sensibility, in a theory which made self-assertion a duty, and enabled him to believe those who resisted him to be damnable sinners. It was the illusion in which he was wrapped by Laud that gave a martyr serenity to his sad and weary face, a fortitude not less than heroic to his bearing in many an hour of tribulation; but if it supported him, and promoted the purposes of Vandyke, it was infinitely baneful to England. The vices of weak men become subtly and powerfully noxious only when they are consecrated, for themselves and others, into virtues.

The Anglicanism of Laud, so different from the nobly comprehensive and philosophical Anglicanism of Hooker, was at first misapprehended by almost all his contemporaries. "This," said both Puritan and Papist when the scheme of Laud began to unfold itself, "is popery." Hallam quotes from one of Henrietta Maria's letters to Madame de Motteville some expressions which enable us to realize with precision the idea formed of Laud's position by a clever, observant, clear-minded Papist who was constantly in converse with him. The archbishop seemed to Henrietta "*dans son cœur très-bon Catholique*." She took his preparation of a liturgy with "*peu de différence de la foi orthodoxe*," for introduction into the Church of Scotland, to be the commencement of an attempt to assimilate worship, throughout the three kingdoms, to that of the Church of Rome. The pope shared the expectations of the queen. Panzani, the papal emissary, opened a secret negotiation for the reunion of the Churches. The offer of a cardinal's hat was made to the archbishop. Anglo-Catholicism has suggested the same hopes and inferences in our own time. Dr. Newman tells us that, when he joined the Church of Rome, his

popish friends asked him when Dr. Pusey was to follow. They thought him uncharitable when he expressed no hope that Dr. Pusey would submit himself to the pope. The genuine Anglican is not a man of strong logical instincts, and can remain for an indefinite period in a position logically untenable. Anglicanism is to popery what a fine copy in water-colours is to a great original picture in oils. The pope and the Jesuits at last found Laud out; and when they caught a glimpse of his true meaning, which indeed he had made no conscious efforts to hide, the recoil with which they started back from him was sharp. It was the keen antagonism of one who suddenly detects, in the soft accents and deferential manner and obliging concessions of an acquaintance, what Balzac calls *la tendresse commerciale*. This is a different thing from the tenderness of sympathy. "Oh, I see;" this was the feeling of the pope on having his eyes opened; "you would borrow for your Church of England all the attractiveness and power of the Papacy — apostolic descent, time-honoured ceremony, solemn pageantry, melting music, sacramental salvation — and yet rebel against the Church's head, and erect your own Canterbury popedom. Thank you for your civility, and for snivelling so sweetly about a 'sister's fall;' but we shall spoil that little game. You are not one whit nearer the true Church than the Puritans." When swords were drawn in the quarrel, the word from Rome to the English Papists was to make no distinction between the heresy of Charles and that of his foes. Henrietta Maria, having learned the secret of Anglicanism, gave up Laud and Strafford without a pang, and it was with no immedicable anguish that she saw the grave close on Charles. The Papist pours upon the Anglican the concentrated venom of several fine essential hatreds — the hatred of the struggling author for the paid and applauded plagiarist, the hatred of the wife for the fascinating beauty of the *demi-monde*, the hatred felt by all men for the sly foe, the simpering rival, the traitor friend. Since the seventeenth century Rome has met every Anglican advance with a spurn of contempt; and the Anglican who has become a Papist is uncompromising and incisive in his popery. Dr. Newman has said piercingly bitter things about the hybrid entity which he once lovingly "imagined to be a portion of the Catholic Church," which he left as a "mere national institution,"

and which he finally perceived to be "the veriest of nonentities." *

The sum total extracted by the Court from the pockets of Englishmen during the eleven years when the constitution was in abeyance, was not large in proportion to the wealth of the country; and we need not scruple to concede to Clarendon that, in the absence of war and the general quickening of intelligence, the country enjoyed material prosperity. Nor can we dispute Hume's statement, that, when spread over so many years, the number of mutilations, whippings, and gags administered to the Puritans, under the auspices of Laud and the Star-Chamber, was not extremely great. But all the more on these accounts ought we to admire the conduct of those English patriots who fretted under the yoke of Charles. Few nobler spectacles are presented by history than that of the English people in those years when, from the nobles in their castles to the yeomen in their cottages, all classes were agitated by poignant distress at the thought of law insulted and Parliament suppressed. There is more of the secret of England's ordered liberty and rooted greatness in the gratitude and admiration with which Hampden's countrymen looked upon his conduct in the ship-money case than in ten such fields as Agincourt or Cressy. At the Court, though there must have been misgivings, the prevailing mood was one of cynical complacency. The witty privy councillor "would ordinarily laugh," says May, "when the words *liberty of the subject* were named." Those enamoured of political servitude were, however, "but a small part of the nation." The great majority, including "the common people and the country freeholders," "were sensible of their birth-rights and the true interest of the kingdom," and "would rationally argue of their own rights, and those oppressions that were laid upon them."

How long the profound and practically universal disaffection might have smouldered without insurrectionary conflagration, if no spark had fallen to kindle it from without, no man can tell. Laud, it is commonly said, committed an imbecile mistake in trying to force his Anglicanism on the Scotch. But Strafford as well as Laud thought that the Scotch could offer no formidable resistance. The Irish deputy said, in so many words,

that five months would suffice to reduce Scotland to obedience. In England the extent and fervour of sympathy with the Scotch were in proportion to the resentment felt against the Court on account of English wrongs. Charles led an army towards the Scottish border in 1639, but no fighting ensued, and a pacification was effected. The truce was short-lived. In the beginning of 1640 he resolved to attempt a second time to coerce the Scots by force of arms, and called a Parliament in the hope that it might grant him supplies. It met in April, and is admitted to have been, when the events of the preceding years are taken into account, conspicuously moderate and loyal. But, though not refusing money, it proposed to inquire into grievances, and Charles dissolved it.

Having relieved himself of the presence of Parliament, he marched to encounter the Scots, who had this time crossed the Tweed. If readers would understand the state of affairs which fifteen years of misgovernment had produced in long-suffering England, they have but to realize a few of the facts relating to the levy of Charles's army in 1640, collected by Mr. J. Bruce in his careful and lucid "Notes on the Treaty of Ripon."

The people, as represented by the yeomen, farmers, and train-bands who came together in arms, were possessed with two ideas which agitated them almost to frenzy — the idea that money ought not to be illegally raised, and the idea that England was being betrayed to the pope. Instead of shouting for the king and backing the constable, Charles's soldiers rent open prison-doors and set free those immured for refusing to pay the taxes. Bailiffs attempting to raise ship-money were "grievously beaten." It was of no use to distract — people would not make a bid for the goods brought to the hammer. The sheriff of Oxfordshire, collecting ship-money, finds, wherever he comes, that the constables have disappeared, and that gates are "chained, locked, and barricaded." Mutiny pervades the troops, and the officers are in danger of their lives. In Norfolk, there are "murmurs, discontents, and outrages," and the recruits "utterly refuse to be disciplined." At Warminster, the soldiers get hold of the notion that their commander is a Papist. They propose to him that they shall all receive the sacrament. He declines; in that case, they say, they cannot march with him; and so they "cashier their captain." At Farringdon,

* All three expressions are gleaned from one page of the "Apologia."

the men murder Lieutenant Mohun, threaten their other officers with death, and put them all to flight. At another place the officers require to kill some of the men in self-defence. At Wellington Lieutenant Compton Evers does not go to church. The troops take it into their heads that he is a Papist, and murder him "with circumstances of frightful atrocity." An attempt is made to arrest four. Twenty start from the ranks exclaiming that they all did it. Beating, cashiering, murdering their officers, opening prisons, wasting the country, incensed to madness against Laud and the pope, believing that the Scots are their brothers in religion and in hatred of despotism, this promising army welters on towards York. Of only one officer do we hear who managed to secure the good will of his men. Young Frank Windebank, son of the Secretary, finding himself suspected of popery, and in danger of being murdered, bent to circumstances, read prayers and sang psalms at the head of his regiment, and backed up these edifying exercises with a drop of drink and largesse of tobacco. The men perceived that there was nothing wrong with Frank's theology, and while less shifty officers trembled for their lives, he became immensely popular.

In the midst of an armed mob, greatly more inclined to coalesce with the Scots in a campaign against himself and his bishops than to fight on his behalf, Charles could not but perceive at York, in the summer of 1640, that a crisis had arrived. Strafford was at his side, but the earl, who had recently, after long begging, obtained his title, was racked with a painful malady, and found the occasion too much for him. There is some evidence of his having made an attempt to kindle the martial ardour of the English, but beyond this we fail to discover one spark of genius or of inventive statesmanship in the proceedings of Strafford at this juncture. He evinced as complete an ignorance of the state of public feeling in England as Laud, and had not Laud's excuse of being an ecclesiastic, and of *not* having been a patriot. Strafford found that the king had really no party. The one rational advice that reached Charles came from the archbishop. It was to hold out the hand to several of the leading patriots, and, in particular, to offer the command of the army to Essex. To such an offer the earl, ambitious of distinction, "seemed not averse;" and if Essex had been placed at the head of the army, and rea-

sonable concessions made to the popular party, it is in the highest degree probable that the spirit of the troops might have been successfully appealed to on the score of the insult to England which a Scottish invasion seemed to involve. The queen approved of Laud's project, and wrote to the king in its favour. It was, in fact, the best that could be suggested in the desperate circumstances to which Charles was reduced. His thorough incapacity rendered him blind even to the meaning and point of the advice, and he made to the queen and Laud the pompously imbecile reply that he had already invited Essex "to come along with the forces of his county." They knew that as well as he, but something more than the invitation addressed to every leading man in England was required to act upon the vanity and ambition of the earl. Having no policy of his own, Charles yielded to the representations of his nobility assembled at York, and agreed to summon Parliament. On the 3rd of November, 1640, a day memorable in the annals of England, the Long Parliament met.

The cardinal fact to be apprehended in connection with the Long Parliament at the time of its meeting is, that it was substantially unanimous, and represented a substantially unanimous nation. Lords and Commons pronounced condemnation upon the political and ecclesiastical government to which England had been subjected. Frightful as the misgovernment had been, the reverent affection with which his people regarded Charles was not, so far as can be gathered from the speeches of the leading patriots at the opening of the Parliament, destroyed. It was not in hypocrisy, it was in simple subjugation of heart and intellect (in a manner inconceivable to this generation) by the illusive spell of anointed sovereignty, that Pym spoke of Charles as "a pious and virtuous king, who loved his people and was a great lover of justice." If it is impossible to believe that Pym thought these words literally true, it is certain that the Commons of England heard them without imputing a shadow of duplicity to the speaker. They attest for us the marvellous potency of an illusion which not only assigned to the king a constitutional incapacity to be called to account, but credited him, to a very considerable extent, with divine immunity from wrong-doing. Rudyard, a sturdy Puritan, told the House that evil counsellors had not "suffered his Majesty to

appear unto his people in his own native goodness." "They had eclipsed him by their interpositions. Although gross, condensed bodies may obscure and hinder the sun from shining out, yet he is still the same in his own splendour. And when those bodies are removed, all creatures under him are directed by his light and comforted by his beams."

Ought we to admire, or at least to respect, this disposition of the Commons as the childlike simplicity of noble natures? Hardly. The illusion was, after all, a lie, and few lies have been so pernicious. It lured Charles to his doom; smiling him on by the falsehood that he possessed a charmed life. It threw an element of perplexity and quasi-insincerity into the speeches, remonstrances, proclamations of the Parliament, every musket fired against the king being fired in his name and professedly for his sake. One cannot help entering into the feeling of Charles when, in answer to a Parliamentary declaration, punctiliously respectful to himself and fiercely condemnatory of all he did, he exclaimed, "We could wish that our own immediate actions, which we avow, and our own honour, might not be so roughly censured and wounded, under that common style of *evil councillors*."

The first object of Lords and Commons at the meeting of the Long Parliament was to strike down the most prominent councillors or instruments of the king. Seven of the Commons, Pym at their head, Hampden bringing up the rear, impeached Strafford of high treason before the Lords. About the same time Laud was sent to the Tower. The archbishop's unpopularity had reached a climax, and shortly before his arrest a mob had come swarming and vociferating about Lambeth, with supposed intent to sack the palace. The rioters did not effect an entrance, and in fact did nothing more than raise a noise. In making the noise, however, they used a drum. It was beaten by a poor creature called Archer. He was seized and tried for high treason. The beating of the drum had, it seems, technically amounted to this crime; but it is monstrous to imagine that Archer had levied war against his sovereign. He was, however, hanged, drawn, and quartered; and unless we are to suppose that a warrant in Charles's hand, printed by Professor Masson, remained a dead letter, he was first put to the torture. In the interval, therefore,

between the death of Felton and the death of Archer Charles's tyrannical power had increased.

Strafford's friends and his own judgment warned him that he ought to avoid London, but Charles told him to come. Henrietta Maria disliked him, and he was too strong a man to be quite after Charles's heart. There were sycophant bishops enough at hand to supply the king with casuistical reasons for breaking his promise and abandoning his devoted servant; but it is pleasant to find that Juxon, the creature of Laud, acting doubtless under the inspiration of his patron, told him that he was bound by his word. Charles felt that to sacrifice the earl was a black and cowardly sin, and he was ever after haunted with remorse for it. Strafford went to the block; Laud's ecclesiastical policy was reversed; Windebank and Finch fled the kingdom; the Courts of Star-Chamber, High-Commission, and of the North were abolished; and the sudden dissolution of Parliament was obviated by a bill forbidding the step, except with its own consent. The nightmare rose from England's heart, and the nation breathed freely. Such may be considered the position of affairs when the Parliament was prorogued in the summer of 1641.

The brightness passed away with the noontide of the year. When the Houses met again in autumn the unanimity which had reigned at the opening of the Long Parliament had disappeared forever. Causes of alarm and foreboding had startled the leaders of the patriot party. Laud was in the Tower, and Strafford in the grave, but Charles had fallen under the influence of Henrietta Maria. It became indubitable, soon after the death of his great minister, that he was involved in a new reticulation of intrigue. After adjourning Parliament, he proceeded to Scotland, Hampden and one or two other trusty and sagacious patriots accompanying him; and the dark plottings in which he there engaged with Monrose, of which the aim seemed to be to put him in possession of a military force, were not calculated to promote confidence. In his absence, discoveries had been made among the papers which Secretary Windebank left behind him when he fled, by which Henrietta and Charles were implicated in dark schemes for bringing a foreign army into the island. The Irish rebellion had broken out, agitating men's minds with its inexpressible

horrors; and the rebels declared themselves to be the queen's soldiers and loyal to the king.

The fears of the patriots were increased by their perceiving that an undiscerning public had already forgotten ThorOUGH. Charles had been welcomed back from Scotland with effusion, and feasted in Guildhall. Hampden, Pym, and the leading patriots apprehended a strong reaction, and made up their minds that it was absolutely necessary that a patriot ministry should be at the helm of affairs. This was the object of the Great Remonstrance. But the Commons, instead of being united in presenting it to the Crown, as they had been united against Strafford, were divided into two fiercely hostile parties, in numbers not very unequal. The Remonstrants carried their measure, but it was by the narrow majority of eleven. The document which they presented to Charles is an eloquent summary of the oppressions and calamities of the fifteen years of maladministration which preceded the impeachment of Strafford, with a representation that the pernicious system must not only be put an end to, but replaced by entirely different counsels. Had Charles received it with meekness, referred, in proof of his sincerity, to the death of Strafford and the imprisonment of Laud, and appealed to the representatives of the people to trust him, it can hardly be doubted that in a few weeks he would have possessed a majority in the House of Commons.

By what words, then, shall we measure the folly of Charles when we say that his practical answer to the Great Remonstrance was an attempt to effect in person the arrest of Pym, Hampden, and three other leading patriots, on a charge of high treason? Lord Macaulay holds that the criminality of this famous proceeding was great, but that it was not particularly foolish. The ordinary opinion has been that the criminality was less than the folly; and this opinion seems to be correct. Those men had opposed Charles since his accession to the throne. He looked on them as the murderers of Strafford. He believed them to have been guilty of treason. He expressly said in the House that, in connection with a charge of treason, all privilege was suspended. Where, in this, do we detect atrocious criminality? The immeasurable folly of the attempt is proved by the consideration that, whatever had been the immediate issue, Charles could not possibly have reaped

from it anything but calamity. The treason of which he accused the five members was connivance at the Scotch invasion of England. But in the Remonstrance the warmest approval is expressed of the policy pursued by the Scotch; and whatever might be the relents of the popular heart towards Charles, the great body of the English people felt that the advance of the Scottish army had been the immediate cause of the deliverance of England. Can it be doubted that, if he had succeeded in dragging five of the boldest and best-esteemed patriots from the House, or if, in obedience to his orders, their blood had been shed by the ruffians who attended him to its door, the severed parties would have rushed together, like elements chemically combined by an electric spark, and presented a front of uncompromising opposition? The Scottish army was still in England; and if Charles had succeeded in his attempt on the five members, it would, within ten days, have been marching on London, amid the acclamations of Englishmen. Charles's failure ruined him; but it ruined him slowly, by opening the way to other blunders and mishaps; had he succeeded, his ruin would have been sudden as well as complete.

His brand-new London popularity vanished in a moment. Thousands of swords were immediately drawn in defence of the Parliament. From Buckinghamshire 4,000 riders poured in to protect their beloved Hampden; and the Commons, who sat for some days after the attempt in committee of the whole House in the city, returned to Westminster amid the triumphant shouts of the Londoners.

Seeing these things, Charles retired to Hampton Court, telling the Parliament, who adjured him to return, that he did not consider his person safe in the vicinity of Westminster. Thence he took the road for Canterbury, and so on to Dover, with Henrietta Maria, who, under show of accompanying the Princess Mary to her affianced husband, William, son of the Prince of Orange, sailed for Holland. Charles doubtless felt that the queen's life was in danger on account of her intrigues. She carried with her the crown-jewels of England, which were pawned to buy arms.

Up to the day when Charles attempted to arrest the five members, the patriot party had confined itself to the demand that the king should prove his *ex animo* adoption of a liberal policy by taking into his councils such men as the nation

could trust. When he showed his hand by striking a direct blow at the life of the leading patriots, they named a new condition of reconciliation as essential, — that he should put the militia under command of Parliament by accepting a list of lord-lieutenants of counties framed by the Houses. Their general scheme of settlement they embodied in nineteen propositions. In June, 1642, these were presented to Charles, and decisively rejected. In July the royal standard was unfurled at Nottingham.

The effect of the acceptance of the nineteen propositions would have been to transform the regal authority of the Plantagenets and Tudors into that now possessed by the sovereign of England. Charles declared that, if he accepted the propositions, he would be a king only in name. It was natural that he should think so; it was pardonable that he should consider such a surrender to be humiliating. Constitutional sovereignty of our modern type had not at that time been seen in the world. William III. chafed so furiously under the attempt of Parliament to dictate his policy, that he told Somers he would rather abdicate than bear the intolerable yoke. In the seventeenth century the English nation groped blindly and instinctively after constitutional sovereignty; but the thing could be realized only through a gradual process of evolution occupying centuries. The process was incomplete even in the days of George III.; for that monarch fretted himself mad in his long endeavour to combine an element of personal autocracy with representative kingship. Logically and formally it has not been developed at this hour; for the sovereign of Great Britain swears in the coronation oath to obey not Parliament, but God; and the royal veto is still theoretically valid against Acts sanctioned by Lords and Commons. The thing has been perfectly realized, not as a logical theorem, but as a fact, in the reign of Queen Victoria. And it has been found that a representative sovereign is not by any means a sovereign only in name. In the affection of a nation, transmitted from father to son, and hallowed by reverent associations, there is real power. Nor can it be said that the representative sovereign lacks either distinctive functions or princely honour. To discern what the will of the nation is, and to give effect to it with rigorous suppression of all personal bias, is no easy task; and may we not add that a monarch to whom

a great people has "lent its terror," and whom it has "dressed in its love," occupies a position of as high honour as is good for mortal?

It is a deep saying of Tennyson's, that

All the past of time reveals
A bridal-dawn of thunder-peals
Whenever thought hath wedded fact.

But still more terrible is the truth that there have been ages when the wedding of thought and fact, attempted before the destined years had run, proved impossible, and generations of brave and true men wrestled to the death with insoluble problems. In such ages ideas which, if they had been clearly apprehended and resolutely accepted, would have brought reconciliation and prosperity to the contending parties, loom or gleam here and there in the social atmosphere but never attain to steady shining; as white sunlight may be seen breaking out here and there in bursts of splendour through misty clouds in mountain scenery, but never dissipating the storm-twilight and unveiling the day. The ideas which thus loomed and gleamed in the storm of the Puritan revolution were those of representative sovereignty and of intellectual and religious freedom; the clouds and darkness with which they strove were the illusion of divine-right kingship and the still more maddening illusions of conscientious intolerance. It was not Charles alone who believed in the mystic and inviolable rights of an anointed king. The very soldiers who fought against him believed in them, and Englishmen and Scotchmen, intensely Puritan and patriotic, went to death rather than submit to a solution of the problem which did not accord those rights what they considered a due recognition. The conscientious intolerance of the time obscured for all but a select company of the "highest-mounted minds," — and even to these the "distant morning" shot but wavering and partial rays — the ideas of intellectual and religious toleration. Believing that God punished with eternal pain all who deviated from some one scheme of Christian faith and practice, the men of that generation naturally concluded, in honour to God, that it must be from insincerity, from malignant wickedness, that such deviation arose. Having rebelled against an infallible Church, Protestants turned to an infallible Book, and persuaded themselves with an agony of intense belief that there could be no honest difference of opinion as to the

meaning of this Book. If God punished men eternally for finding in it any sense but one, would it not be damnable sin in them to tolerate the finding in it of another? It is pathetically instructive to note that Charles could not believe the Covenanters sincere about religion, and that Baillie and his brethren were convinced it was not really a matter of conscience with Charles to stand by the Church of England. Both the king and his opponents were, of course, as sincere in their religious convictions as it is possible for men to be. So much more easy is it for man to be zealous for God than to be just to his brother and himself.

We cannot enter into debate with Lord Macaulay when he says that Charles was not conscientious in his obstinate adherence to the Anglican Church. There is nothing in the king's personality more substantial than his conscientious devotion to his Church. If he was not sincere in that, he eludes us as a shadow. Lord Macaulay forgot that there is such an art as casuistry, and that its purpose is to neutralize the scruples of *sincere* consciences by a series of ingenious artifices. Charles was as inconsistent as Lord Macaulay says he was. He established Presbyterianism in Scotland; for a certain price, in the form of military assistance, he would have established popery in Ireland; he assented to the provisional establishment of Presbyterianism in England. Could he, then, asks the sharp and logical essayist, have any conscientious objections to set aside Anglicanism in England? The answer is that the very office of the casuist is to find minute distinctions between cases which seem to be in principle identical, and thus to reconcile conscience to the one while not reconciling it to the other. It may seem incredible that Charles should succeed in lulling his conscience asleep by the most trivial sophistries; but that it was an object dearer than life with him to quiet his conscience points to the essential and differentiating fact in his moral constitution. He protected his conscience by elaborate entrenchments of school-girl fibs. His letters to Henrietta Maria, who possessed his entire confidence, have a curious interest for those who, like Bishop Butler, love to analyze the subtleties and follow the windings of human motive. He parades his evasions before his wife as if he expected to be praised for his ingenuity. I "call" them a Parliament, you perceive, but I do not "acknowledge" them

to be such! "Though I have stretched my wits to persuade them to accept of my personal treaty, yet examine my words well and thou wilt find that I have not engaged myself in anything against my grounds." "It is true that it may be I give them leave to hope for more than I intended." It was, perhaps, the bitterest drop in poor Charles's cup that Henrietta Maria treated his conscientious scruples with contempt. His letters addressed to her from the Scotch camp in 1646, which have recently come to light, and have been edited with shrewd commentary, by Mr. John Bruce, depict him at perhaps the saddest point in his whole sad history. He loves the queen with all his heart; yet she has no patience with him, no mercy for him. She mocks at his zeal "in the affair of the bishops." After enormous pressure, and without any concession in return, he had consented to the establishment of Presbyterianism in England for three years. Henrietta, caring only that no such cession of the military power of the kingdom should be made as would prejudice his son, vehemently but quite wrongly believed that, if he threw up the Church altogether, he would be allowed to retain the militia. So she pricked into him thus: "*Permettes moy*"—her impatient, misspelled French is better than an English translation—"de vous dire, que je crois, si je me pouvois dispenser d'une chose que je croiois contre ma conscience pour 3 ans, et pour rien, j'irois plus loin pour sauver mon royaume." With exquisite feminine cruelty she tells him that he has himself to blame for his misfortunes, and that if he had listened to her, he would have been in a different position. "*Joserais dire que si vous eussies suivi nos avis, que vos affaires seroient dans un autre estat qu'ils ne sont.*" This was too bad, for Charles could rejoin that it was to save her life that he sacrificed Strafford. But he never blamed her. He pleaded with her like a broken-hearted lover, imploring her not to drive him from his last earthly asylum—her approbation. He explicitly did her bidding in the matter of the militia. The Commons of course stood fast on that point, for to do otherwise would have been to put a knife into Charles's hand with the moral certainty that in the event of a strong revulsion of popular feeling in his favour, it would be used to cut their own throats. He wrote upon one of the queen's letters, "The reason why the Parliament answer went not;"

and when the answer, with the expected surrender of the militia, came not, he was declared a prisoner.

A touching phase of the casuistical reasoning wherewith Charles sheltered his conscience is revealed in his self-communings on the death of Strafford, as poured into the ear of his wife. It was his fixed idea that God was angry with him for sacrificing the earl, and that, if he sinned again in the matter of the Church, there could be no pardon for him. "I must confess," he writes, "that heretofore I have for public respects (yet I believe if thy personal safety had not been at stake I might have hazarded the rest) yielded unto those things that were no less against my conscience than this, for which I have been so deservedly punished, that a relapse now would be insufferable, and I am most confident that God has so favoured my hearty (though weak) repentance, that He will be glorified either by relieving me out of these distresses (which I may humbly hope for, though not presume upon), or in my gallant sufferings for so good a cause, which to eschew by any mean submission cannot but draw God's further justice upon me, both in this and the next world." These may be the words of a weak and a superstitious, but they are those of a sincerely religious man. Charles's casuistical ingenuity might have reconciled him to large concessions of a nature unfavourable to the Church; but death was easier for him than its unreserved abandonment. And let it be deliberately said, that the mere fact of its being a necessity of life for Charles to preserve the citadel of his soul inviolate, reveals a moral quality which places him in a different class from certain historical personages who, in intellectual strength, were immeasurably his superiors. He never, like Napoleon the First, in his period of spiritual decadence, or like Frederick of Prussia all through, took evil into his service, and resolved to succeed at *whatever* moral cost. Charles died clinging to the hem of Christ's garment, and this separates him spiritually by the deepest of all chasms from the men whose god is success.

Casuistry can do much, but it can neither fight battles nor beguile nations out of the fruits of victory. Charles was a bad soldier. There was, in fact, no limit to his practical incapacity. He missed the mark at every critical juncture. When decision and promptitude were required, as in his early advance

upon London and again after the capture of Bristol, he was lagging and dilatory; when defeat was sure to be fatal, as at Naseby, he was precipitate. Experience could not teach him. When one instrument was broken he took up another, without any stringency of requirement that the second should be better than the first. The English cavaliers are beaten; perhaps the Irish Papists will pull us through: that hope vanishes; but the English Presbyterians are rising in our behalf: they are put down, but here come Hamilton and his Scots, and all may still be well. Sanguine yet *not* sure, ever learning but never coming to the knowledge either of the truth of facts or the principles of action, Charles was made for failure. His patient perseverance in blundering, his perpetual activity without progress, were deeper signs of practical incapacity, and infinitely more productive of calamity to himself and others, than mere indolence or impatience would have been.

There is immense beneficence in a clear, bold word, yea or nay. Could Charles have done as Count Chambord did last year—said, once for all, that he would reign as a divinely appointed autocrat or not at all—he would have saved himself years of misery and his country rivers of blood. But never in his life was he anything except by halves, and to no party did he ever give complete satisfaction. He could neither serve God nor fee the devil; and all men were disappointed in him. Lilly, who was familiar with the gossip of both camps, says that even the Cavaliers only half trusted him, and did not dare to realize the thought of his being completely victorious. Again and again he had excellent cards in hand, but he never could make up his mind to play them rationally. It was a sound scheme "to work the Scots to his design" in 1646; but in order to do so, it was necessary to agree with the Scots, and Charles could not persuade himself to that. When the Scots marched out of England, having found it impossible to take him with them as a friend, and not choosing to take him as a prisoner, he still had good cards if he would have adopted the tone of the Independents, avowed himself the champion of toleration, and made terms with the army. But Cromwell and Ireton found that he was trifling with them. Charles had been bred in an element of intrigue, and was an intriguer all his life; yet he could no more keep a secret than

a net can hold water. It looks like insanity to have put into black and white and committed to a messenger a statement that he intended to hang Cromwell and Ireton at a convenient season; but it was scarcely more foolhardy in Charles to speak of Cromwell and Ireton as he is said to have spoken in the letter intercepted in the Holborn Tavern, than it was to speak of Argyle and the other Scotch leaders as it is absolutely certain he spoke of them in letters despatched by him from the Scotch camp. Charles never perceived that, if he was to have the services of any party, he must adopt, honestly or dishonestly, that party's side. No man but he could have imagined that it was possible to bring the Scots under Lesley and the Parliament to mutual extermination, or again, the Parliamentary Presbyterians and the Independents to mutual extermination, by shilly-shallying between the two, his own conscience being kept quiet, and both parties being hoodwinked, by preternatural subtlety in the art of diplomatic evasion. Even Clarendon found that Charles was with him only by halves, and emits a lamentable wail on the king's plots within plots.

It has often been pleaded in favour of Charles that he tried hard to make terms for his friends; but the grievous fact is that he displayed little depth of feeling on behalf of the brave and devoted men who lost life or fortune for his sake. "He was seldom," says Lilly, "in the times of war, seen to be sorrowful for the slaughter of his people or soldiers, or indeed anything else." A chill-blooded man, of low though tough vitality and lethargic feelings, he was capable of much languid wretchedness but not of acute suffering. The state of his body after death showed that the organs had not been wasted or worn; it was physically probable that he would have lived long; and it is doubtful whether the loss of a friend or even of a battle ever cost him a night's sleep. Though he was a bad disciplinarian, and the riot in his camp and the rapine of his soldiers did him infinite harm, he could not do a daringly generous thing to the most willing of friends. Might he not, for example, have spared the life of poor young Colonel Windebank, even although a court-martial had consigned him to death? Colonel Windebank held Bletchington House for the king. The place was strong and well-manned; but the colonel had lately been married, and his young wife and a bevy of her lady

friends were with him; and Cromwell, who, with his Ironsides, had been shattering every force that looked him in the face, came fiercely demanding surrender. Cromwell had not a breaching-gun, not even foot-soldiers, only a "few dragoons," and as he was a cavalry officer, besieging was, he said, "not his business," but the name of him already (April, 1645) made both the ears of every one of the king's people hearing it to tingle. Agonized by the thought of what might overtake his bride and the other ladies in the event of a storm, Windebank lost his head and took down the royal standard. The court-martial was bound to condemn him to die; but the circumstances were inexpressibly touching, and were not likely to recur; Charles might surely have granted himself the luxury of remitting the sentence. He made no sign, and the poor young colonel had to bid his wife adieu and take the death-shot to his breast. "Never was so cold a heart!" The words are spoken of Charles by Mr. Browning's *Strafford*; and well spoken.

It is important to discern the exact reason why Charles died, as there has been much mistaken writing upon the subject. Hallam and Macaulay argue that neither by national nor by municipal law could he be put to death; but neither Hallam nor Macaulay precisely considers for what or by whom he was slain. It was not the Long Parliament that brought him to trial. The Commons of England were faithful to their professions of holding the king incapable of wrong. The Parliamentary majority was cut down by military force into a minority, for the express purpose of making it a possible instrument to take the king's life. In the second place, it is to be recollected, in justice to those who *did* bring Charles to the block, that he was not even made the subject of judicial accusation for his share in the first war. At Hampton Court, many months after his last fortress had been surrendered, he was treated with lenity and consideration. It was because he plotted war within the walls of gentle and honourable imprisonment, because he called an invading army into England, that he was adjudged to die. The men who tried him tore the figment of his personal irresponsibility to shreds. "The king can do no wrong! This man, king or no king, was conquered in battle. In the dark, in easy confinement, he felt for a dagger, and came behind England and did his best to stab her to the heart."

For this he deserves to die; and if Parliament cannot say so, we can and do." Such was their plea.

Charles possessed some talents. He had a true taste in art. His gallery of pictures was rich in the productions of Titian, Tintoret, Giorgione, and Velasquez. Every one who engaged with him in discussion was struck with his power of following the clue through labyrinthine mazes of argument. His most remarkable faculty, however, was that of detecting, by some curious instinctive sympathy, the kind of men whom he could make his own—men of splendid parts, but with a certain moral flaw or sickliness in them. This last was the *nidus*, as the naturalists say, which prepared them for Charles's fascination; and once he had exercised it upon them, he bound them to him, by indissoluble ties. It would have been a priceless talent if he could have stood by the men he got and had known how to use them; but he did not.

It is interesting to observe how, to the last, he continued plotting and blundering. He was conducted, in the close of 1648, by Colonel Harrison, from Hurst Castle, opposite the Isle of Wight, to London. The route lay by Bagshot, where he formerly had "a little park," and where now lived Lord and Lady Newburgh, vehement Royalists. His lordship possessed the fleetest horse in England, and it was arranged that Charles, as he rode through the glades of the forest, should complain of his horse and should be remounted on Lord Newburgh's. The king was then to give his escort the slip, and availing himself of his perfect knowledge of the wood, to make his way to an appointed rendezvous, where other swift horses were to be in attendance. The scheme, as Charles was concerned in it, got wind, and at the critical moment, when he had been long grumbling about the discomfort of his seat and was urgent for a new mount, the fleetest horse in England was found to be lame in stall. He thought it useless to try another, as he rode in the midst of a hundred picked men, well horsed, every man, soldier and officer, "having a pistol ready spanned in one hand." He was quite in the dark as to the true state of affairs. He feared assassination, and lectured Harrison upon the odiousness of the crime. Harrison told him he might keep his mind easy on that point; what was in store for him, "would be very public and in a way of justice to which the world should be wit-

ness." His Majesty could not see it; now, as always, he missed the mark.

Whatever his failings or his faults, he had not "sinned against light;" at lowest he had not taken darkness for light, and said to evil, "Be thou my good." Therefore it was with placid dignity that he laid his head on the block.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DOUBTS ARISE: DOUBTS VANISH.

BATHSHEBA underwent the enlargement of her husband's absence from hours to days with a slight feeling of surprise, and a slight feeling of relief; yet neither sensation rose at any time far above the level commonly designated as indifference. She belonged to him: the certainties of that position were so well defined, and the reasonable probabilities of its issue so bounded, that she could not speculate on contingencies. Taking no further interest in herself as a splendid woman, she acquired the indifferent feelings of an outsider in contemplating her probable fate as an interesting wretch; for Bathsheba drew herself and her future in colours that no reality could exceed for darkness. Her original vigorous pride of youth had sickened, and with it had declined all her anxieties about coming years, since anxiety recognizes a better and a worse alternative, and Bathsheba had made up her mind that alternatives on any noteworthy scale had ceased for her. Soon, or later—and that not very late—her husband would be home again. And then the days of their tenancy of the Upper Farm would be numbered. There had originally been shown by the agent to the estate some distrust of Bathsheba's tenure as James Everdene's successor, on the score of her sex, and her youth, and her beauty; but the peculiar nature of her uncle's will, his own frequent testimony before his death to her cleverness in such a pursuit, and her vigorous marshalling of the numerous flocks and herds which came suddenly into her hands before negotiations were concluded, had won confidence in her powers, and no further objections had been raised. She had latterly been in great doubt as to what the legal effects of her marriage would be upon her position; but no no-

tice had been taken as yet of her change of name, and only one point was clear, that in the event of her own or of her husband's inability to meet the agent at the forthcoming January rent-day very little consideration would be shown, and, for that matter, very little would be deserved. Once out of the farm, the approach of poverty would be sure.

Hence Bathsheba lived in a perception that her purposes were broken off. She was not a woman who could hope on without good materials for the process, differing thus from the less far-sighted and energetic, though more petted ones of the sex, with whom hope goes on as a sort of clock-work which the merest food and shelter are sufficient to wind up; and perceiving clearly that her mistake had been a fatal one, she accepted her position, and waited coldly for the end.

The first Saturday after Troy's departure she went to Casterbridge alone, a journey she had not before taken since her marriage. On this Saturday Bathsheba was passing slowly on foot through the crowd of rural business men gathered as usual in front of the market-house, and as usual gazed upon by the burghers with feelings that those healthy lives were dearly paid for by the lack of possible aldermanship, when a man, who had apparently been following her, said some words to another on her left hand. Bathsheba's ears were keen as those of any wild animal, and she distinctly heard what the speaker said, though her back was towards him.

"I am looking for Mrs. Troy. Is that she there?"

"Yes; that's the young lady, I believe," said the person addressed.

"I have some awkward news to break to her. Her husband is drowned."

As if endowed with the spirit of prophecy, Bathsheba gasped out, "Oh, it is not true; it cannot be true!" Then she said and heard no more. The ice of self-command which had latterly gathered over her was broken, and the currents burst forth again, and overwhelmed her. A darkness came into her eyes, and she fell.

But not to the ground. A gloomy man, who had been observing her from under the portico of the old corn-exchange when she passed through the group without, stepped quickly to her side at the moment of her exclamation, and caught her in his arms as she sank down.

"What is it?" said Boldwood, looking

up at the bringer of the big news as he supported her.

"Her husband was drowned this week while bathing in Carrow Cove. A coast-guard'sman found his clothes and brought them into Budmouth yesterday."

Thereupon a strange fire lighted up Boldwood's eye, and his face flushed with the suppressed excitement of an unutterable thought. Everybody's glance was now centred upon him and the unconscious Bathsheba. He lifted her bodily off the ground, and smoothed down the folds of her dress as a child might have taken a storm-beaten bird and arranged its ruffled plumes, and bore her along the pavement to the Three Choughs Inn. Here he passed with her under the archway into a private room, and by the time he had deposited — so lothly — the precious burden upon a sofa, Bathsheba had opened her eyes, and remembering all that had occurred, murmured, "I want to go home!"

Boldwood left the room. He stood for a moment in the passage to recover his senses. The experience had been too much for his consciousness to keep up with, and now that he had grasped it it had gone again. For those few heavenly golden moments she had been in his arms. What did it matter about her not knowing it? She had been close to his breast; he had been close to hers.

He started onward again, and sending a woman to her, went out to ascertain all the facts of the case. These appeared to be limited to what he had already heard. He then ordered her horse to be put into the gig, and when all was ready returned to inform her. He found that though still pale and unwell, she had in the meantime sent for the Budmouth man who brought the tidings, and learnt from him all there was to know.

Being hardly in a condition to drive home as she had driven to town, Boldwood, with every delicacy of manner and feeling, offered to get her a driver, or to give her a seat in his phaeton, which was more comfortable than her own conveyance. These proposals Bathsheba gently declined, and the farmer at once departed. About half an hour later she invigorated herself by an effort, and took her seat and the reins as usual — in external appearance much as if nothing had happened. She went out of the town by a tortuous back street, and drove slowly along, unconscious of the road and the scene. The first shades of evening were showing themselves when Bathsheba reached

home, when, silently alighting and leaving the horse in the hands of the boy, she proceeded at once up-stairs. Liddy met her on the landing. The news had preceded Bathsheba to Weatherbury by half an hour, and Liddy looked inquiringly into her mistress's face. Bathsheba had nothing to say.

She entered her bedroom and sat by the window, and thought and thought till night enveloped her, and the extreme lines only of her shape were visible. Somebody came to the door, knocked, and opened it.

"Well, what is it, Liddy?" she said.

"I was thinking there must be something got for you to wear," said Liddy, with hesitation.

"What do you mean?"

"Mourning."

"No, no, no," said Bathsheba, hurriedly.

"But I suppose there must be something done for poor ——"

"Not at present, I think. It is not necessary."

"Why not, ma'am?"

"Because he's still alive."

"How do you know that?" said Liddy, amazed.

"I don't know it. But wouldn't it have been different, or shouldn't I have heard more, or wouldn't they have found him, Liddy?—or—I don't know how it is, but death would have been different from how this is. I am full of a feeling that he is still alive!"

Bathsheba remained firm in this opinion till Monday, when two circumstances conjoined to shake it. The first was a short paragraph in the local newspaper, which, beyond making by a methodizing pen formidable presumptive evidence of Troy's death by drowning, contained the important testimony of a young Mr. Barker, M.D., of Budmouth, who spoke to being an eye-witness of the accident, in a letter to the editor. In this he stated that he was passing over the cliff on the remoter side of the cove just as the sun was setting. At that time he saw a bather carried along in the current outside the mouth of the cove, and guessed in an instant that there was but a poor chance for him unless he should be possessed of unusual muscular powers. He drifted behind a projection of the coast, and Mr. Barker followed along the shore in the same direction. But by the time that he could reach an elevation sufficiently great to command a view of the sea beyond,

dusk had set in, and nothing further was to be seen.

The other circumstance was the arrival of his clothes, when it became necessary for her to examine and identify them—though this had virtually been done long before by those who inspected the letters in his pockets. It was so evident to her in the midst of her agitation that Troy had undressed in the full conviction of dressing again almost immediately, that the notion that anything but death could have prevented him was never entertained.

Then Bathsheba said to herself that others were assured in their opinion, and why should not she be? A strange reflection occurred to her, causing her face to flush. Troy had left her, and followed Fanny into another world. Had he done this intentionally, yet contrived to make his death appear like an accident? Oddly enough, this thought of how the apparent might differ from the real—made vivid by her bygone jealousy of Fanny, and the remorse he had shown that night—blinded her to the perception of any other possible difference, less tragic, but to herself far more terrible.

When alone late that evening beside a small fire, and much calmed down, Bathsheba took Troy's watch into her hand, which had been restored to her with the rest of the articles belonging to him. She opened the case as he had opened it before her a week ago. There was the little coil of pale hair which had been as the fuse to this great explosion.

"He was hers and she was his, and they are gone together," she said. "I am nothing to either of them, and why should I keep her hair?" She took it in her hand, and held it over the fire. "No—I'll not burn it—I'll keep it in memory of her, poor thing!" she added, snatching back her hand.

CHAPTER XLIX.

OAK'S ADVANCEMENT: A GREAT HOPE.

THE later autumn and the winter drew on apace, and the leaves lay thick upon the turf of the glades and the mosses of the woods. Bathsheba, having previously been living in a state of suspended feeling which was not suspense, now lived in a mood of quietude which was not precisely peacefulness. While she had known him to be alive she could have thought of his death with equanimity; but now that she believed she had lost him she regretted that he was not hers

still. She kept the farm going, raked in her profits without caring keenly about them, and expended money on ventures because she had done so in bygone days, which, though not long gone by, seemed infinitely removed from her present. She looked back upon that past over a great gulf, as if she were now a dead person, having the faculty of meditation still left in her, by means of which, like the mouldering gentlefolk of the poet's story, she could sit and ponder what a gift life used to be.

However, one excellent result of her general apathy was the long-delayed installation of Oak as bailiff; but he having virtually exercised that function for a long time already, the change, beyond the substantial increase of wages it brought, was little more than a nominal one addressed to the outside world.

Boldwood lived secluded and inactive. Much of his wheat and all his barley of that season had been spoilt by the rain. It sprouted, grew into intricate mats, and was ultimately thrown to the pigs in armfuls. The strange neglect which had produced this ruin and waste became the subject of whispered talk among all the people round; and it was elicited from one of Boldwood's men that forgetfulness had nothing to do with it, for he had been reminded of the danger to his corn as many times and as persistently as inferiors dared to do. The sight of the pigs turning in disgust from the rotten ears seemed to arouse Boldwood, and he one evening sent for Oak. Whether it was suggested by Bathsheba's recent act of promotion or not, the farmer proposed at the interview that Gabriel should undertake the superintendence of the Lower Farm as well as Bathsheba's, because of the necessity Boldwood felt for such aid, and the impossibility of discovering a more trustworthy man. Gabriel's malignant star was assuredly setting fast.

Bathsheba, when she learnt of this proposal—for Oak was obliged to consult her—at first languidly objected. She considered that the two farms together were too extensive for the observation of one man. Boldwood, who was apparently determined by personal rather than commercial reasons, suggested that Oak should be furnished with a horse for his sole use, when the plan would present no difficulty, the two farms lying side by side. Boldwood did not directly communicate with her during these negotiations, only speaking to Oak, who was the go-between throughout. All

was harmoniously arranged at last, and we now see Oak mounted on a strong cob, and daily trotting the length and breadth of about two thousand acres in a cheerful spirit of surveillance, as if the crops all belonged to him,—the actual mistress of the one half, and the master of the other, sitting in their respective homes in gloomy and sad seclusion.

Out of this there arose during the spring succeeding, a talk in the parish that Gabriel Oak was feathering his nest fast. "Whatever d'ye think," said Susan Tall, "Gable Oak is coming it quite the dand. He now wears shining boots with hardly a hob in 'em, two or three times a week, and a tall hat a-Sundays, and 'a hardly knows the name of smockfrock. When I see people strut enough to be cut up into bantam cocks, I stand dormant with wonder, and says no more."

It was eventually known that Gabriel, though paid a fixed wage by Bathsheba, independent of the fluctuations of agricultural profits, had made an engagement with Boldwood by which Oak was to receive a share of the receipts—a small share certainly, yet it was money of a higher quality than mere wages, and capable of expansion in a way that wages were not. Some were beginning to consider Oak a near man, for though his condition had thus far improved, he lived in no better style than before, occupying the same cottage, paring his own potatoes, mending his stockings, and sometimes even making his bed with his own hands. But as Oak was not only provokingly indifferent to public opinion, but a man who clung persistently to old habits and usages, simply because they were old, there was room for doubt as to his motives.

A great hope had latterly germinated in Boldwood, whose unreasoning devotion to Bathsheba could only be characterized as a fond madness which neither time nor circumstance, evil nor good report, could weaken or destroy. This fevered hope had grown up again like a grain of mustard-seed during the quiet which followed the universal belief that Troy was drowned. He nourished it fearfully, and almost shunned the contemplation of it in earnest, lest facts should reveal the wildness of the dream. Bathsheba having at last been persuaded to wear mourning, her appearance as she entered the church in that guise was in itself a weekly addition to his faith that a time was coming—very far off perhaps, yet surely nearing—when his waiting on

events should have its reward. How long he might have to wait he had not yet closely considered. What he would try to recognize was, that the severe schooling she had been subjected to had made Bathsheba much more considerate than she had formerly been of the feelings of others, and he trusted that, should she be willing at any time in the future to marry any man at all, that man would be himself. There was a substratum of good feeling in her: her self-reproach for the injury she had thoughtlessly done him might be depended upon now to a much greater extent than before her infatuation and disappointment. It would be possible to approach her by the channel of her good-nature, and to suggest a friendly business-like compact between them for fulfilment at some future day, keeping the passionate side of his desire entirely out of her sight. Such was Boldwood's hope.

To the eyes of the middle-aged, Bathsheba was perhaps additionally charming just now. Her exuberance of spirit was pruned down; the original phantom of delight had shown herself to be not too bright for human nature's daily food, and she had been able to enter this second poetical phase without losing much of the first in the process.

Bathsheba's return from a two months' visit to her old aunt at Norcombe afforded the impassioned and yearning farmer a pretext for inquiring directly after her — now presumably in the ninth month of her widowhood — and endeavouring to get a notion of her state of mind regarding him. This occurred in the middle of the haymaking, and Boldwood contrived to be near Liddy, who was assisting in the fields.

"I am glad to see you out of doors, Lydia," he said, pleasantly.

She simpered, and wondered in her heart why he should speak so frankly to her.

"I hope Mrs. Troy is quite well after her long absence," he continued, in a manner expressing that the coldest-hearted neighbour could scarcely say less about her.

"She is quite well, sir."

"And cheerful, I suppose?"

"Yes, cheerful."

"Fearful, did you say?"

"O no. I merely said she was cheerful."

"Tells you all her affairs?"

"No, sir."

"Some of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Troy puts much confidence in you, Lydia; and very wisely perhaps."

"She do, sir. I've been with her all through her troubles, and was with her at the time of Mr. Troy's death and all. And if she were to marry again I expect I should bide with her."

"She promises that you shall — quite natural," said the stategic lover, throbbing throughout him at the presumption which Liddy's words appeared to warrant — that his darling had thought of re-marriage.

"No — she doesn't promise it exactly. I merely judge on my own account."

"Yes, yes, I understand. When she alludes to the possibility of marrying again, you conclude —"

"She never do allude to it, sir," said Liddy, thinking how very stupid Mr. Boldwood was getting.

"Of course not," he returned hastily, his hope failing again. "You needn't take quite such long reaches with your rake, Lydia — short and quick ones are best. Well, perhaps as she is absolute mistress again now, it is wise of her to resolve never to give up her freedom."

"My mistress did certainly once say, though not seriously, that she supposed she might marry again at the end of seven years from last year, if she wished."

"Ah, six years from the present time. Said that she might. She might marry at once in every reasonable person's opinion, whatever the lawyers may say to the contrary."

"Have you been to ask them?" said Liddy, innocently.

"Not I!" said Boldwood, growing red.

"Liddy, you needn't stay here a minute later than you wish, so Mr. Oak says. I am now going on a little further. Good afternoon."

He went away vexed with himself and ashamed of having for this one time in his life done anything which could be called underhand. Poor Boldwood had no more skill in finesse than a battering-ram, and he was uneasy with a sense of having made himself to appear stupid and, what was worse, mean. But he had, after all, lighted upon one fact by way of repayment. It was a singularly fresh and fascinating fact, and though not without its sadness it was pertinent and real. In little more than six years from this time Bathsheba might certainly marry him. There was something definite in that hope, for admitting that there might have been no deep thought in her words

to Liddy about marriage, they showed at least her creed on the matter.

This pleasant notion was now continually in his mind. Six years were a long time, but how much shorter than never, the idea he had for so long been obliged to endure! Jacob had served twice seven years for Rachel: what were six for such a woman as this? He tried to like the notion of waiting for her better than that of winning her at once. Boldwood felt his love to be so deep and strong and eternal, that it was possible she had never yet known its full volume, and this patience in delay would afford him an opportunity of giving sweet proof on the point. He would annihilate the six years of his life as if they were minutes — so little did he value his time on earth beside her love. He would let her see, all those six years of intangible ethereal courtship, how little care he had for anything but as it bore upon the consummation.

Meanwhile the early and the late summer brought round the week in which Greenhill Fair was held. This fair was frequently attended by the folk of Weatherbury.

CHAPTER L.

THE SHEEP-FAIR: TROY TOUCHES HIS WIFE'S HAND.

GREENHILL was the Nijnii Novgorod of Wessex; and the busiest, merriest, noisiest day of the whole statute number was the day of the sheep-fair. This yearly gathering was upon the summit of a hill which retained in good preservation the remains of an ancient earthwork, consisting of a huge rampart and entrenchment of an oval form encircling the top of the hill, though somewhat broken down here and there. To each of the two chief openings on opposite sides a winding road ascended, and the level green space of twenty or thirty acres enclosed by the bank was the site of the fair. A few permanent erections dotted the spot, but the majority of visitors patronized canvas alone for resting and feeding under during the time of their sojourn here.

Shepherds who attended with their flocks from long distances started from home two or three days, or even a week, before the fair, driving their charges a few miles each day — not more than ten or twelve — and resting them at night in hired fields by the wayside at previously chosen points, where they fed, having

fasted since morning. The shepherd of each flock marched behind, a bundle containing his kit for the week strapped upon his shoulders, and in his hand his crook, which he used as the staff of his pilgrimage. Several of the sheep would get worn and lame, and occasionally a lambing occurred on the road. To meet these contingencies, there was frequently provided, to accompany the flocks from the remoter points, a pony and waggon into which the weakly ones were taken for the remainder of the journey.

The Weatherbury Farms, however, were no such long distance from the hill, and those arrangements were not necessary in their case. But the large united flocks of Bathsheba and Farmer Boldwood formed a valuable and imposing multitude which demanded much attention, and on this account Gabriel, in addition to Boldwood's shepherd and Cain Ball, accompanied them along the way — old George the dog of course behind them.

When the autumn sun slanted over Greenhill this morning and lighted the dewy flat upon its crest, nebulous clouds of dust were to be seen floating between the pairs of hedges which streaked the wide prospects around in all directions. These gradually converged upon the base of the hill, and the flocks became individually visible, climbing the serpentine ways which led to the top. Thus, in a slow procession, they entered the openings to which the roads wended, multitude after multitude, horned and hornless — blue flocks and red flocks, buff flocks and brown flocks, even green and salmon-tinted flocks, according to the fancy of the colourist and custom of the farm. Men were shouting, dogs were barking, with greatest animation, but the thronging travellers in so long a journey had grown nearly indifferent to such terrors, though they still bleated piteously at the unwontedness of their experiences, a tall shepherd rising here and there in the midst of them, like a gigantic idol amid a crowd of prostrate devotees.

The great mass of sheep in the fair consisted of Southdowns and the old Wessex horned breeds; to the latter class Bathsheba's and Farmer Boldwood's mainly belonged. These filed in about nine o'clock, their vermiculated horns lopping gracefully on each side of their cheeks in geometrically perfect spirals, a small pink and white ear nestling under each horn. Before and behind came other varieties, perfect leopards as to the full

rich substance of their coats, and only lacking the spots. There were also a few of the Oxfordshire breed, whose wool was beginning to curl like a child's flaxen hair, though surpassed in this respect by the effeminate Leicesters, which were in turn less curly than the Cotswolds. But the most picturesque by far was a small flock of Exmoors, which chanced to be there this year. Their pied faces and legs, dark and heavy horns, tresses of wool hanging round their swarthy foreheads, quite relieved the monotony of the flocks in that quarter. All these bleating, panting, and weary thousands had entered and were penned before the morning had far advanced, the dog belonging to each flock being tied to the corner of the pen containing it. Alleys for pedestrians intersected the pens, which soon became crowded with buyers and sellers from far and near.

In another part of the hill an altogether different scene began to force itself upon the eye towards midday. A circular tent, of exceptional newness and size, was in course of erection here. As the day drew on, the flocks began to change hands, lightening the shepherds' responsibilities, and they turned their attention to this tent, and inquired of a man at work there, whose soul seemed concentrated on tying a bothering knot in no time, what was going on.

"The Royal Hippodrome Performance of Turpin's Ride to York and the Death of Black Bess," replied the man promptly, without turning his eyes or leaving off tying.

As soon as the tent was completed, the band struck up highly stimulating harmonies, and the announcement was publicly made, Black Bess standing in a conspicuous position on the outside, as a living proof, if proof were wanted, of the truth of the oracular utterances from the stage over which the people were to enter. These were so convinced by such genuine appeals to heart and understanding both that they soon began to crowd in abundantly, among the foremost being visible Jan Coggan and Joseph Poorgrass, who were holiday-keeping here to-day.

"That's the great ruffin pushing me!" screamed a woman, in front of Jan, over her shoulder to him when the rush was at its fiercest.

"How can I help pushing ye when the folk behind push me?" said Coggan, in a deprecating tone, turning his head towards the aforesaid folk, as far as he

could, without turning his body, which was jammed as in a vice.

There was a silence; then the drums and trumpets again sent forth their echoing notes. The crowd was again ecstasied, and gave another lurch in which Coggan and Poorgrass were again thrust by those behind upon the women in front.

"O that helpless feymels should be at the mercy of such ruffins!" exclaimed one of these ladies again, as she swayed like a reed shaken by the wind.

"Now," said Coggan, appealing in an earnest voice to the public at large as it stood clustered about his shoulder-blades, "did ye ever hear such a unreasonable woman as that? Upon my carcase, neighbours, if I could only get out of this cheesewring, the d— women might eat the show for me!"

"Don't ye lose yer temper, Jan!" implored Joseph Poorgrass, in a whisper. "They might get their men to murder us, for I think by the shine of their eyes that they are a sinful form of woman-kind."

Jan held his tongue, as if he had no objection to be pacified to please a friend, and they gradually reached the foot of the ladder, Poorgrass being flattened like a jumping-jack, and the sixpence, for admission, which he had got ready half an hour earlier, having become so reeking hot in the tight squeeze of his excited hand that the woman in spangles, brazen rings set with glass diamonds, and with chalked face and shoulders, who took the money of him, hastily dropped it again from a fear that some trick had been played to burn her fingers. So they all entered, and the sides of the tent, to the eyes of an observer on the outside, became bulged into innumerable pimples such as we observe on a sack of potatoes, caused by the various human heads, backs, and elbows at high-pressure within.

At the rear of the large tent there were two small dressing-tents. One of these, allotted to the male performers, was partitioned into halves by a cloth; and in one of the divisions there was sitting on the grass, pulling on a pair of jack-boots, a young man whom we instantly recognize as Sergeant Troy.

Troy's appearance in this position may be briefly accounted for. The brig aboard which he was taken in Budmouth Roads was about to start on a voyage, though somewhat short of hands. Troy read the articles and joined, and, before they sailed, a boat was despatched across the bay to

Carrow Cove; but, as he had half expected, his clothes were gone. He ultimately worked his passage to the United States, where he made a precarious living in various towns as Professor of Gymnastics, Sword-Exercise, Fencing, and Pugilism. A few months were sufficient to give him a distaste for this kind of life. There was a certain animal form of refinement in his nature; and however pleasant a strange condition might be whilst privations were easily warded off, it was disadvantageously coarse when money was short. There was ever present, too, the idea that he could claim a home and its comforts did he but choose to return to England and Weatherbury Farm. Whether Bathsheba thought him dead was a frequent subject of curious conjecture. To England he did return at last; but the fact of drawing nearer to Weatherbury abstracted its fascinations, and his intention to enter his old groove at that place became modified. It was with gloom he considered on landing at Liverpool that if he were to go home his reception would be of a kind very unpleasant to contemplate: for what Troy had in the way of emotion was an occasional fitful sentiment which sometimes caused him as much inconvenience as emotion of a strong and healthy kind. Bathsheba was not a woman to be made a fool of, or a woman to suffer in silence; and how could he endure existence with a spirited wife to whom at first entering he would be beholden for food and lodging? Moreover, it was not at all unlikely that his wife would fail at her farming, if she had not already done so; and he would then become liable for her maintenance: and what a life and future of poverty with her would be, the spectre of Fanny constantly between them, harrowing his temper and embittering her words! Thus, for reasons touching on distaste, regret, and shame commingled, he put off his return from day to day, and would have decided to put it off altogether if he could have found anywhere else the ready-made establishment which existed for him there.

At this time — the July preceding the September in which we find him at Greenhill Fair — he fell in with a travelling circus which was performing in the outskirts of a northern town. Troy introduced himself to the manager by taming a restive horse of the troupe, hitting a suspended apple with a pistol-bullet fired from the animal's back when in

full gallop, and other feats. For his merits in these — all more or less based upon his experiences as a dragoon-guardsmen — Troy was taken into the company, and the play of Turpin was prepared with a view to his personation of the chief character. Troy was not greatly elated by the appreciative spirit in which he was undoubtedly treated, but he thought the engagement might afford him a few weeks for consideration. It was thus carelessly, and without having formed any definite plan for the future, that Troy found himself at Greenhill Fair with the rest of the company on this day.

And now the mild autumn sun got lower, and in front of the pavilion the following incident had taken place. Bathsheba — who was driven to the fair that day by her odd man Poorgress — had, like every one else, read or heard the announcement that Mr. Francis, the Great Cosmopolite Equestrian and Roughrider, would enact the part of Turpin, and she was not yet too old and careworn to be without a little curiosity to see him. This particular show was by far the largest and grandest in the fair, a horde of little shows grouping themselves under its shade like chickens around a hen. The crowd had passed in, and Boldwood, who had been watching all the day for an opportunity of speaking to her, seeing her comparatively isolated, came up to her side.

"I hope the sheep have done well today, Mrs. Troy?" he said nervously.

"O yes, thank you," said Bathsheba, colour springing up in the centre of her cheeks. "I was fortunate enough to sell them all before we got upon the hill, so we hadn't to pen at all."

"And now you are entirely at leisure?"

"Yes, except that I have to see one more dealer in two hours' time: otherwise I should be going home. I was looking at this large tent and the announcement. Have you ever seen the play of 'Turpin's Ride to York'? Turpin was a real man, was he not?"

"O yes, perfectly true — all of it. Indeed, I think I've heard Jan Coggan say that a relation of his knew Tom King, Turpin's friend, quite well."

"Coggan is rather given to strange stories connected with his relations, we must remember. I hope they can all be believed."

"Yes, yes; we know Coggan. But Turpin is true enough. You have never seen it played, I suppose?"

"Never. I was not allowed to go into these places when I was young. Hark! what's that prancing? How they shout!"

"Black Bess just starting off, I suppose. Am I right in supposing you would like to see the performance, Mrs. Troy? Please excuse my mistake, if it is one; but if you would like to, I'll get a seat for you with pleasure." Perceiving that she hesitated, he added, "I myself shall not stay to see it: I've seen it before."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE SKETCHED BY NAPOLEON III.

In the days when the Second Empire, though really far advanced on the road of its portentous decadence, was to all outward seeming firmly fixed, and when its chief, though checked and thwarted by the growing Prussian giant who had originally courted his favours, bade fair, despite the "black spots" visible on the horizon, to run on to the close of his career as "the modern Augustus," peacefully and splendidly seated on the throne of his uncle, there was started in Paris, with the title of the *Dix Décembre*, a newspaper, not merely undisguisedly Imperialist in tone, but like one or two others, in reality entirely under the immediate control of the Emperor; so much so that articles were occasionally inserted proceeding directly from his pen. The following sketch of the Empress, which appeared in the *Dix Décembre* of December 15, 1868, was the first of these, and the MS. draft, *written entirely in the Emperor's autograph*, was found two years afterwards when the catastrophe of Sedan installed the Provisional Republican Government in possession of the Tuileries.

Under these circumstances, the brief sketch, which embodies with its necessary artificiality several touches of nature, possesses considerable interest. The following translation has been made as *literally* as possible.

At the end is added a curious illustrative reminiscence of the Empress in youth by Washington Irving, with which few probably are acquainted.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

To-morrow is the *fête*-day of the Empress! The occasion is appropriate to say a few words as to her. Spanish by birth,

and daughter of an illustrious patrician family (*d'une grande famille patricienne*), certain public organs endeavour continually to represent her as imbued with the most intolerant religious fanaticism, and with all the prejudices of aristocracy (*de tous les préjugés de la noblesse*). It is hard that, placed on one of the grandest thrones of the universe, her qualities should be thus misconstrued. A short sketch of her life will show them in their true light.

The father of the Empress Eugénie was the Count of Montijo, one of those rare Spaniards who, inspired with a passionate devotion for the Emperor (Napoleon I.), followed him through all his wars. Acting his part in our period of reverse no less than in that of success, covered with wounds, he was one of the last to fire off against the enemies of France the cannon of the Buttes de Chaumont. Withdrawing into private life at the fall of the Empire, he preserved his Napoleonic sympathies, and his Liberal ideas drew upon him persecution by the government of Ferdinand VII.

In 1838 the Countess of Montijo came to Paris with her two daughters, to place them in a great educational establishment. Pupil at the Sacré-Cœur, she who was to be one day Empress of the French, and who was spoken of then as the young Countess of Téba, acquired, one may say, the French language before the Spanish.

A few years later the Montijo family returned to Spain, where the Count died. From the hands of their mother the two girls received the finishing touches of their education, and their introduction to society.

Those who visited Madrid at that epoch will remember that hospitable *salon*, which the foremost intellects of all countries—diplomats, men of letters, or artists—seemed to create into a *rendez-vous*. Everywhere was praised the supreme distinction with which, by her *esprit* and her affability, the Countess of Montijo did the honours of this society, of which her two daughters formed the ornament. The elder was quickly espoused by the Duke of Alva. The younger attracted remark by the most lively graces and the most amiable qualities of the heart. Surrounded often by persons whose sentiments were those of a period passed away, her early intelligence caused her to reject many of their ideas which she could not approve, and, whether in-

fluenced by the souvenirs of the years she had passed with her father, or by the education she had received in France, or by a natural enthusiasm (*entraînement*), she was repeatedly heard to sustain in her select circle the cause of progress and of modern ideas. Her ardent imagination sought an aliment for its noble aspirations towards the beautiful and the useful, and often she has been known to pass hours together in the study of the works of Fourier. Her friends called her, smilingly, *la phalanstérienne*.^{*} It was impossible not to admire this young girl of eighteen preoccupied to such a degree by these social problems, and seeming to prepare herself by such meditation for some high and mysterious destiny.

A curious incident of her life deserves to be told. Always inclined towards those who suffer, interested in all the oppressed, she nourished a secret sympathy for the prince who, victim of his convictions, was prisoner at Ham, and with her young voice she urged her mother to go and carry to the captive such consolation as might be possible. The Countess of Montijo had decided, it is said, to undertake this pious pilgrimage, when her object was suddenly turned aside by unlooked-for circumstances.

This sorely tried prince (*ce prince si éprouvé*) she was some years later herself to see—not in the confinement of a dungeon, but raised by national acclamation to the head of a great State; she was to exercise on him the attractions of her

beauty, of her *esprit* and of the unsurpassed nobility of her sentiments; she was to become a part of his existence and to share his destiny.

The Countess of Téba has not disappeared under the lustre of the diadem of France. The character of the Empress still remains that of a lady of the simplest and most natural tastes. After her visit to the cholera patients at Amiens nothing seemed to surprise her more than the murmur of applause which everywhere celebrated her courageous initiative; she was indeed at last distressed by it.

The lot of all classes of the unfortunate constantly awakens her especial solicitude. It is known with what efficacious activity she has intervened in the reorganization of the prisons for youthful offenders; in the labour of the reclaiming and charitable societies. She founded the *Société des Prêts de l'Enfance au Travail*. How many generous reforms she still pursues with a marvellous perseverance! One finds still in her a little of the young *phalanstérienne*. The condition of women singularly preoccupies her; her efforts are given to the elevation of her sex; it was she who, on a fitting occasion, decorated Rosa Bonheur.

In two instances, during the war of Italy, and during the voyage of the Emperor to Algeria, she has exercised the regency. One knows with what moderation, what political tact and sentiment of justice.

Relieved of the occupations of duty the Empress devotes herself to serious studies (*se livre aux lectures les plus sérieuses*). One may say that there is no economical or financial question to which she is a stranger. It is charming to hear her discuss with the most competent men these difficult problems. Literature, history, and art are also frequently the subjects of her conversations. At Compiègne nothing is more attractive than a tea-party of the Empress (*ce que l'on appelle un thé de l'Impératrice*).

Surrounded by a select circle she engages with equal facility in the most elevated subjects of discussion or the most familiar questions of interest. The freshness of her powers of perception, the strength, the boldness even, of her opinions at once impress and captivate. Her mode of expressing herself, occasionally incorrect, is full of colour and life (*Son langage, quelquefois incorrect, est plein de couleur et de mouvement*). With astonishing power of exactness in conversations on common affairs, she rises in

* Fourier and his *phalansterian* associations being now of but faded fame, probably for the general reader it may be well to explain briefly that in his system of philosophical education one of the chief elements (accompanied by others of the wildest nature) was the organization of humankind into *phalanstères*, or societies of common toil, having special provision for the natural aptitudes of each individual. In the words of an acute observer, the late Lord Dalling and Bulwer, in his work on France (1836), Fourier's plan was "to turn the natural propensities of men, which at present so frequently lead them to injure each other, to the greatest common advantage. His plan consists chiefly in making employment a pleasure, and in gratifying our favourite inclinations in our most useful pursuits. Considering toil to be tedious in proportion as it is monotonous, and that one of the great characteristics of humankind is versatility, all labour is to be of short duration, and every member of a *phalanstère* is to be educated for a variety of alternate occupations. Here, too, the character of the individual is to be preserved, and the economy of the community obtained; for instance, in that most important part of existence which depends on the kitchen, instead of 2,000 women being occupied in cooking the dinners of 2,000 husbands, as would be the case if these couples were living in separate cabins, 50 are to suffice for this duty, and 1950 remain at liberty to do anything else."

These were the ideas, we may presume therefore, which, on the authority of Napoleon's article in the *Dix Décembre*, chimed in harmony with the youthful aspirations for good of the Empress Eugénie.

remarks on matters of State or morality to a pitch of real eloquence.

Pious without being bigoted, well-informed without being pedantic, she talks on all subjects with great unconstraint (*abandon*). She, perhaps, is too fond of discussion * (*Peut-être aime-t-elle trop la discussion*). Very sprightly in her nature, she often lets herself be carried away by her feelings, which have more than once excited enmities; but her exaggerations have always for their foundation the love of good.

Besides the intelligent woman and the sovereign prudent and courageous, it remains for us to show the mother, full of solicitude and tenderness for her son.

It has been her wish for the Prince Imperial to receive a manly education. She causes statements of his employments to be rendered to her; she follows the progress of his studies; she, so to say, assists day by day in the development of that young intelligence in that growth of mental power which in the inheritor of so high a fortune is the pledge of the most brilliant future career (*à cette croissance de l'esprit qui chez l'héritier d'une si haute fortune est le gage d'un plus brillant avenir*).

I believe I have told you [wrote Washington Irving to his niece, Mrs. P. M. Irving, on February 28, 1853, referring on the occasion of the marriage of Napoleon and Eugénie to that "hospitable *salon*" in which he had known the Empress in youth] that I knew the grandfather of the Empress — old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who had been American Consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house in 1827, near Adra, on the coast of the Mediterranean. A week or two after I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Téba, at Granada — a gallant, intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye, and being maimed in a leg and hand. His wife, the daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls, mere children, about him. The youngest of these must have been the present Empress. Several years afterwards, when I had recently taken up my abode in Madrid, I was invited to a grand ball at the house of the Countess Montijo, one of the leaders of the *ton*. On my making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as the friend of her late husband, the Count Téba (subsequently Marquis Montijo), who, she said, had often spoken of me with the greatest regard. She took me into another room and showed me a miniature of the

Count, such as I had known him, with a black patch over one eye. She subsequently introduced me to the little girls I had known at Granada — now fashionable belles at Madrid.

After this I was frequently at her house, which was one of the gayest in the capital. The Countess and her daughters all spoke English. The eldest daughter was married whilst I was in Madrid to the Duke of Alva and Berwick, the lineal successor to the pretender to the British crown. The other now sits on the throne of France.

Again, on the 28th of March, 1853, Irving wrote:

Louis Napoleon and Eugénie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France — one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada! The last I saw of Eugénie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished — into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugénie is upon a throne, and — a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders. Poor —! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two. "The storm with her is o'er, and she's at rest;" but the other is launched from a returnless shore, on a dangerous sea infamous for its shipwrecks. J. C.

From The Spectator.

HOW A DEMOCRACY CAN EDUCATE ITSELF.

THE Canton of Zurich is afflicted with an impossible Constitution, — impossible, that is to say, according to all approved theories of political and economic science. It has so little respect for the sanctities of representative government, that no law passed by its Assembly can take effect until confirmed by the people at large. It has gone so far in the practice of what the French would call a "subversive" political economy, that for nearly forty years it has substituted for all other imposts a progressive income and property-tax. It seems to stand thus, as it were, transfixed upon those "rocks ahead" of which our native Cassandra has lately been prophesying to us.

Strange to say, it has not yet gone to pieces on its rocks, but on the contrary, seems to fare very well upon them. Although much of its soil is not under culture, and its arable land supplies but a very small portion of its consumption in cereals, its population is proportionately double that of England. The north-west

* None but Cæsar himself writing of his spouse would have ventured to put in this naïve little touch among the laudatory comments.

portion of Switzerland, of which economically, if not geographically, it forms part, is reckoned to be, in Continental Europe, the region where, in relation to area, there is the largest amount of accumulated capital. The flourishing manufactures of Zurich are among those which are held up habitually as bugbears to our own producers, to inculcate the heinousness of strikes and the necessity for long hours of work. Pauperism, properly speaking, is unknown in the canton, and the well-being of its people rather increases in proportion to the distance from the towns. The average wealth per family of its population is reckoned to be three times that of France. As elsewhere in Switzerland, agriculture and manufactures are combined in the occupations of the people. The father and his sons work in the fields, the mother throws silk at home, or too often with her daughter goes to the factory. But there is no infant labour. It is only at twelve years of age that children can go to work, and even then their schooling, as will be presently seen, continues.

It is the educational system of the Canton which most deserves to be examined, and which probably more or less explains all the rest. Education is obligatory, and in the public schools gratuitous, the private schools being also under Government inspection. It is made, indeed, a matter of complaint that infant schools (for children up to the age of six) are left entirely outside of the sphere of State action. But primary instruction, beginning at six, lasts no less than nine years, of which six are spent in "elementary" and three in "complementary" schools, the number of school-hours per week rising from 20 hours the first year to 28 in the sixth; or for girls, 32, including their sewing-lessons. In the complementary schools, the teaching consists of eight hours per week, four each in the Tuesday and Thursday forenoons, during which the previous studies are gone over again. Even during the tenth year the pupils have to return once a week to the school-house for a singing-lesson (their musical instruction having begun at seven). An effort was, indeed, lately made to raise the school-hours in the complementary schools to twelve, but the people (Cassandra may have the benefit of the fact) rejected the law. In the year 1872, 33,000 children attended the primary schools, and cost the State 634,000 frs., — say £25,360, or a trifle over 15s. a head. Subsidies are given to printers

and lithographers with a view to cheapening school publications. The result is said to be marvellous, school-books being published by the 40,000, 50,000, and 100,000. A first-rate atlas, in the hands of every scholar, costs next to nothing.

In addition to some 600 primary schools, there are also 76 secondary schools, which, since last year, have also been made gratuitous. Attendance is here optional, and it is observed that the number of girls, though increasing, is yet far short of that of boys, — 32 per cent. Education, which is mixed throughout almost all the primary schools, remains so frequently also in the secondary schools. The school-hours are generally 34 per week, and the course comprises modern languages, history, geography, physical science, drawing, writing, geometry for boys, "conversation" and needlework for girls, besides gymnastics. Rather more than 3,000 pupils attend the secondary schools, and cost the Canton a little over £6,000 a year.

In the primary and secondary schools, the Communes name the teachers. For successful teachers there is great competition. The minimum pay for primary teachers is £48 a year, with a house, fuel, and a kitchen-garden; but the Communes may increase the pay at pleasure, and the State may contribute to such increase up to £60. For secondary teachers the minimum pay is £72 (of which half is defrayed by the State), with the same advantages, and may, in like manner, be increased, the State contributing to the increase up to £80. The State, moreover, allows retiring pensions, rising from £4 for from 7 to 12 years' service, to £16 for 25 years' and over. Compare these figures with France, where the official pay is £28 for a primary teacher of 5 years' standing, and his retiring pension from £3 4s. to £3 12s. a year.

Two peculiarities attach to the Zurich school-system. One, which will soon disappear, is that till now only men-teachers have been employed, although, as before observed, the classes are generally mixed. The other is that (beyond a few exhibitions in the industrial school and gymnasium, to be presently spoken of (no prizes are given; everything depends on marks. With good marks, the poor scholar can obtain remission of school fees in the higher grades of instruction next to be noticed.

Besides the gratuitous secondary schools, there are also Cantonal schools which are largely subsidized by the State,

so that for about £2 a year the pupil receives an education costing £10, of which the State defrays four fifths. Here, after two years' study — the courses comprising arithmetic, geometry, geography, history, German, and French — a choice has to be made between the gymnasium for humanities, and the industrial school, which itself, after the first year, divides into two branches, — the commercial and technical. In the commercial branch two years are spent in studying English, Italian, commercial arithmetic, book-keeping, and a little chemistry. In the technical branch, after the first year, there is a further subdivision between chemistry and mathematics, which take up eighteen months longer. In the gymnasium the courses last four years. Thus the school years of working-men are from six to fifteen (or sixteen, if we include the last year's singing-class). Those of the trader are from six to seventeen (six years in the primary schools, two in the secondary or Cantonal schools, three in the industrial schools); those of the engineer, architect, chemist, &c., from six to seventeen and a half; those of the lawyer, doctor, theologian, &c., from six to eighteen. It should be observed that the industrial school is open upon examination to the pupils leaving the secondary schools, who, indeed, furnish the majority of its scholars.

It may be asked how the "religious difficulty" is met. The catechism and sacred history are regularly taught by the masters, without restriction on the expression of their opinions. On the other hand, parents can always withdraw their children from religious instruction. No figures are at hand for the primary or secondary schools, but in 1872-3, the abstentions from religious instruction were twenty-three per cent. of the whole number in the gymnasium, and forty-two per cent. in the industrial school. Twenty per cent. of the pupils in the latter have been, as we should say, confirmed.

Beyond the schools lie two closely-connected institutions, but one of which is maintained by the Federal Government, and the other by the Canton itself, — the former for the higher scientific instruction (medicine excepted), the latter for the higher humanities, with medicine. Perhaps it will be expected that the former class of studies — practical and positive — will be those of which the Zurich democracy has taken upon itself the burden. Quite the contrary. It is the Confederation which has established and

keeps up the "Polytechnicum;" it is the Canton which maintains the University, with its four faculties of Law, Theology, Philosophy, and Medicine, and its sixty-nine professors; besides *privat-docenten* the students paying a fee of 8s. per year for each course of lectures of one hour a week.

To sum up, the cost of public instruction in the Canton is about £52,000 a year, or at the rate of 4s. 7 1-2d. per head for its inhabitants, exclusively of the contributions by the Communes. Proportionately, the sum expended is from thirteen to fourteen times more than in France. There is no likelihood that the educational budget of the Canton will be stinted. Zurich is proud to call itself the Athens of German Switzerland. In almost every neighbourhood the school is the finest building to be seen; the Cantonal schools in particular are generally placed in the most commanding situations, just outside the towns. Zurich is yet far from deeming its educational system complete, and various new institutions are commenced or projected besides those already noticed.

It follows, then, that this impossible democracy, with its laws voted or vetoed by the people at large, and its progressive income and property-tax, not only supplies gratuitous instruction during nine to ten years for its working-class, but provides in the most liberal manner for the education of its commercial and professional classes, — giving them two years of gratuitous secondary instruction, taking upon itself four fifths of the cost of their higher instruction till they are from seventeen to eighteen years old, — and then opens to the professional classes a richly-maintained university, in which men like Oken and Schönbein have held classes. Could it well do more, if it cultivated the soundest economic traditions?

Let us look now at the general results. The theory of the Swiss Constitution is well known to be that every citizen is a soldier. Military education begins in the complementary and secondary schools, or, say, between the ages of twelve and sixteen, taking up on an average three hours a week. In order to test the acquirements of recruits when actually called under arms, examinations were carried on in the years 1871-2, bearing on reading, writing, and arithmetic. The reading exercises consisted in a few pages of Swiss history. What were called exercises in writing were, in fact, exercises in composition, the recruit

being called upon to describe his father's house, the school where he had been educated, his barracks, &c. In arithmetic, sums were set in interest, or rule of three.

The very nature of the exercises suffices to show the surprisingly high standard which the men were expected to have attained. But the results are more surprising still. They were denoted by the marks 4, 3, 2, 1, and 0. In reading, 0 did not mean that the recruit could not read at all, but simply that he did not do so fluently; 1 meant that he committed faults; 2, that he "left something to be desired as respects understanding and punctuation;" and 4 and 3, either that he read fluently and with expression, and with a full understanding of the subject (4), or (3) that he did so somewhat less perfectly. Out of 1,000 recruits only 5 had the mark 0, 83 had 1, 273 had 2, 462 had 3, and 177 had 4. In writing again, 0 meant not that the recruit could not write at all, but that he could only form words or letters; 1, that he could just write and spell; 2, that (besides writing and spelling) he could just be understood; 3, that the substance of the composition was right, but the form not perfect; 4, that the composition was correct, and in an agreeable style. Here, again, only five had the 0, 134 the 1, 395 the 2, 355 the 3, and strange to say, 411 the mark 4, so that literally the largest of the five classes was the one with full powers of written expression. In arithmetic, lastly, where 0 denoted blunders in the four first rules, 1 a knowledge of those rules only, 2 a comprehension and more or less satisfactory solution of problems, 3 a correct but slow and heavy solution of them, and 4 the rapid and correct solution of them, both mentally and in writing, 6 had 0, 43 had 1, 233 had 2, 518 had 3, and 200 had 4,—the third class here being, as in reading, the most numerous. Hence it follows that out of 1,000 Zurich recruits only from 5 to 6 read, write, or cypher badly (not "and cypher," for out of 1,479 in all, only two had 0 in everything); whilst from 639 to 766 read fluently and understand what they read, express themselves in writing correctly and intelligibly, or solve correctly sums in interest and rule of three. One hundred, moreover, out of 1,479, were in the fourth class in every instance. In other words, from six-tenths to seven-tenths of the Zurich population are educated men, qualified to rise by further self-improvement to any position what-

ever; and one-tenth have a superior education. The examinations, it may be added, were not continued beyond 1872, as the results were found to be exactly the same on all points, except that there was a slight rise in the marks, the average being 2.68 in 1872 against 2.62 in 1871.

Compared with France, it is found that 250 French conscripts out of 1,000 know less than the five who know least among the Zurich recruits; whilst only between 62 and 72 would come up to the standard of the Zurich second class. In our own army, the figures of the latest report of the Director-General of Military Education are not quite so bad as those of France; though, as they apply to the whole army, and not to recruits only, and therefore include, presumably, to some extent the results of the education which is being given in the army itself, the comparison they afford is not an exact one. Out of 178,356 men, 10,724 can neither read nor write, giving a proportion of over 60 per thousand as against the French 250, but as against less than two in Zurich. 9,543 can read, but not write, making over 53 per thousand, as against five in Zurich. With respect to the 99,910 English soldiers who can read and write, and the 58,179 who are better educated, it is impossible to establish any comparison with the Zurich results. But, on the whole, we shall probably be within the mark if we say that the army of the Zurich democracy is at least ten times as well educated as our own. At the same time, it may be said that the standard of an army raised by conscription from the whole population ought to be higher than that of one like our own, voluntarily recruited in great measure from its lowest class.

Now, it is not pretended that the institutions which may suit a small canton with the population of a large English city are adapted to those of the United Kingdom, with its over 30 millions of inhabitants. But the example of Zurich shows that the fullest power given to the whole people may be wielded for the benefit of the whole people. Rocks ahead there may be, nay, there must be, in the course of any ship of State. But there are channels between those rocks, and this Swiss Canton, instead of being wrecked upon them, as from a distance we might fancy it was, has found a way through them. We may surely do the same, trusting in God, and in the good sense and good feeling of our people.